

"A candy-colored and vicious delight, and always dangerously funny."—Neil Gaiman

I HATE

FAIRYLAND

SKOTTIE YOUNG



Volume One:
MADLY EVER AFTER



*“It was a nightmare. Nothing
but the green of her hair . . .
and the blood of my people.”*

- Thaddeus J. Star, RIP

I HATE
FAIRYLAND
VOLUME ONE:

MADLY EVER AFTER

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ONE



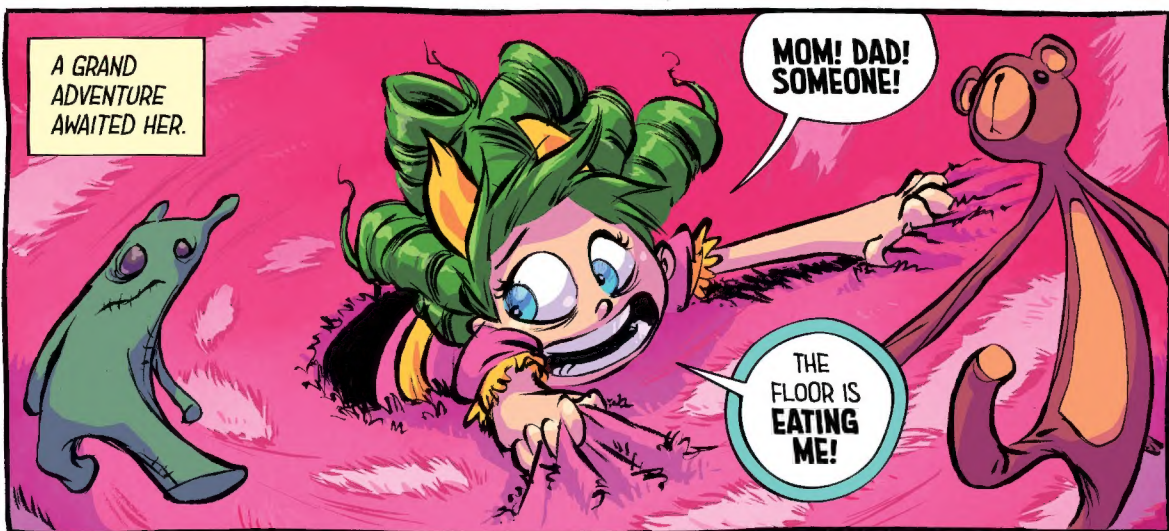
ONCE UPON A TIME,
THERE WAS A GIRL
NAMED GERTRUDE WHO
WISHED SHE COULD BE
TAKEN AWAY TO AN
AMAZING WORLD FILLED
WITH WONDER, AND MAGIC,
AND LAUGHTER, AND JOY.



LUCKY
FOR LITTLE
GERTRUDE,
SOME WISHES
COME TRUE.



A GRAND
ADVENTURE
AWAITED HER.



ALL SHE
HAD TO DO...

DON'T LET
GO. DON'T LET
GO. DON'T
LET GO.



...WAS LET GO.

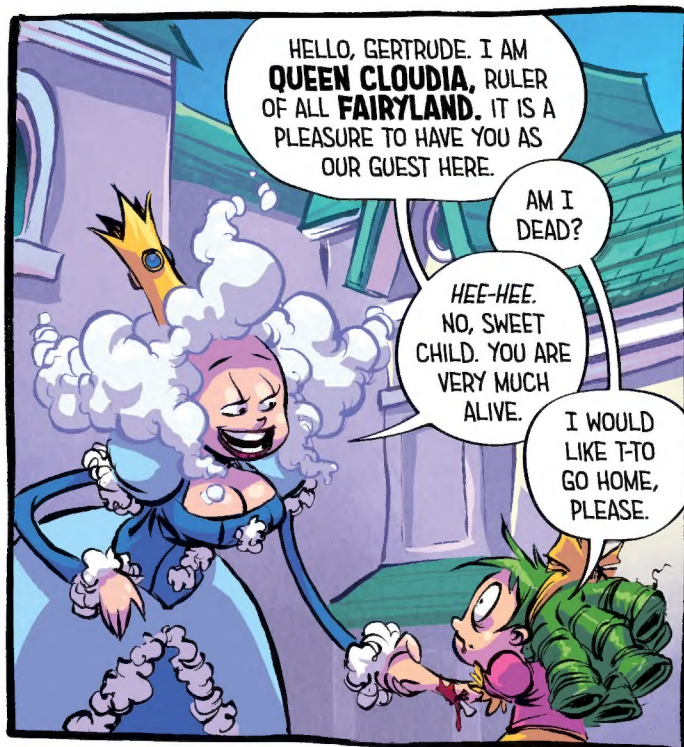


...AND SHE
WAS ON
HER WAY...





WELCOME TO
FAIRYLAND!



HELLO, GERTRUDE. I AM **QUEEN CLAUDIA**, RULER OF ALL **FAIRYLAND**. IT IS A PLEASURE TO HAVE YOU AS OUR GUEST HERE.

AM I DEAD?

HEE-HEE. NO, SWEET CHILD. YOU ARE VERY MUCH ALIVE.

I WOULD LIKE T-TO GO HOME, PLEASE.

THE QUEEN WENT ON TO EXPLAIN THAT THERE WAS A DOOR BACK TO HER WORLD, ALL GERT NEEDED TO DO WAS FIND A KEY TO UNLOCK IT...

...A QUEST THAT SHOULD ONLY TAKE TWO SHAKES OF A BOGGLEZIG.*

*THAT'S ABOUT A DAY FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO LEFT YOUR FAIRYLAND CONVERSION CHARTS AT HOME.

THEN THE QUEEN GAVE GERTRUDE TWO THINGS TO HELP HER ON HER JOURNEY.

HELLO! I'M LARRIGON WENTSWORTH III. I'LL BE YOUR GUIDE.

AND THIS IS A MAP TO ALL THE KNOWN LANDS.

WITH THAT, GERTRUDE HAD ALL SHE NEEDED, AND SO...



...HER ADVENTURE BEGAN.





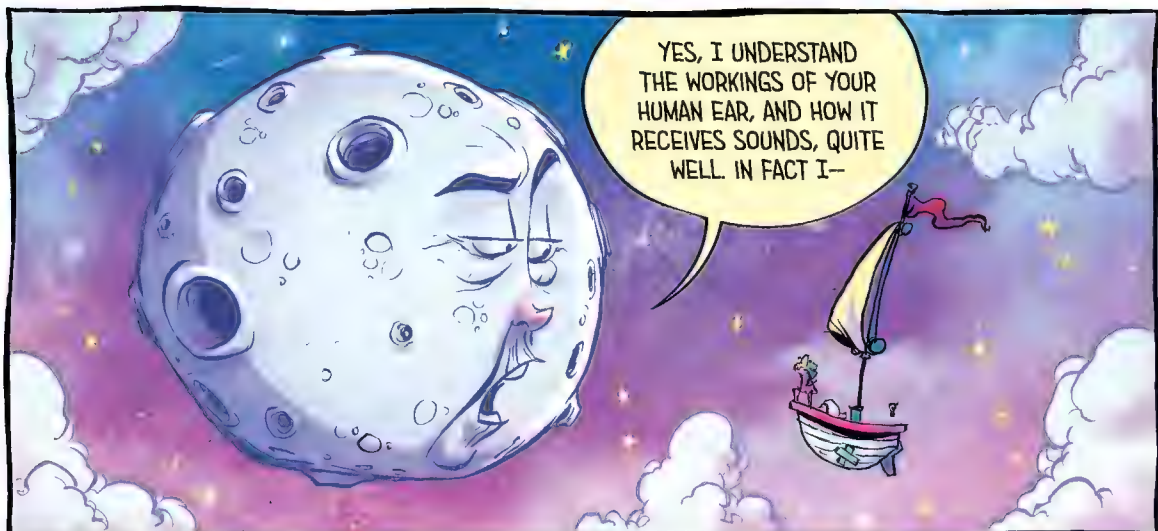
THE SWEET
YOUNG GIRL,
WHO WAS
ONCE FILLED
WITH HOPE AND
JOY, WAS TAKEN
OVER BY THE
HATEFUL,
MISERABLE...



...DISGUSTING, REVOLTING, WRETCHED,
HORRENDOUS, PUTRID, PA--

AND
FLUFF
THAT GUY!

HEY,
YOU KNOW
I CAN
HEAR YOU,
RIGHT?



YES, I UNDERSTAND
THE WORKINGS OF YOUR
HUMAN EAR, AND HOW IT
RECEIVES SOUNDS, QUITE
WELL. IN FACT I--



YEAH, YEAH. **IN FACT**, YOU
ARE **THE WORST**, AND IF YOU
SAY ANOTHER WORD, I'M GOING
TO SHOOT YOU IN YOUR
WORST FACE!

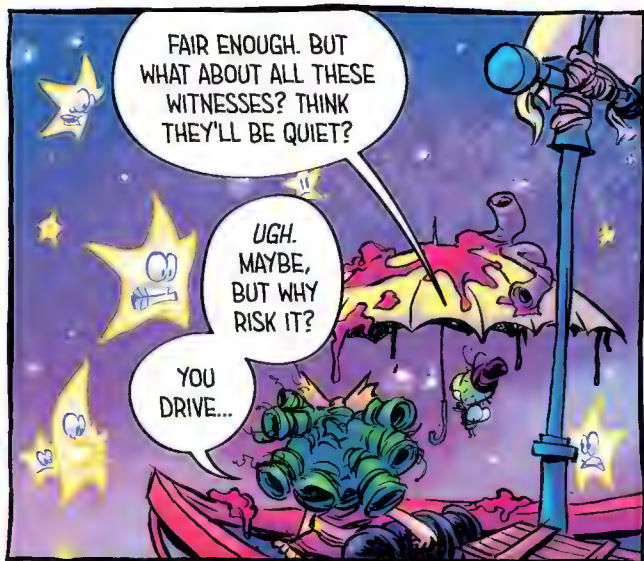


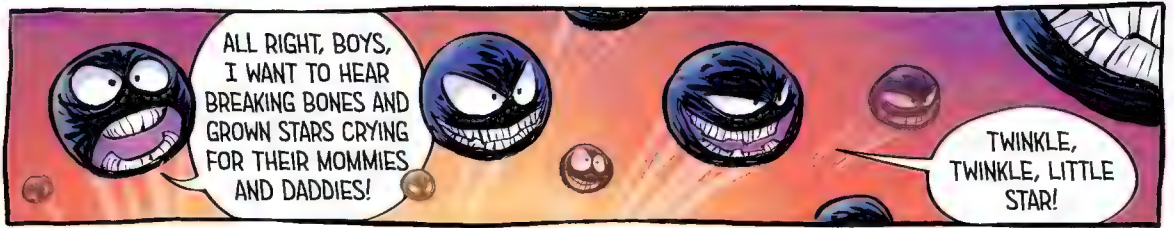
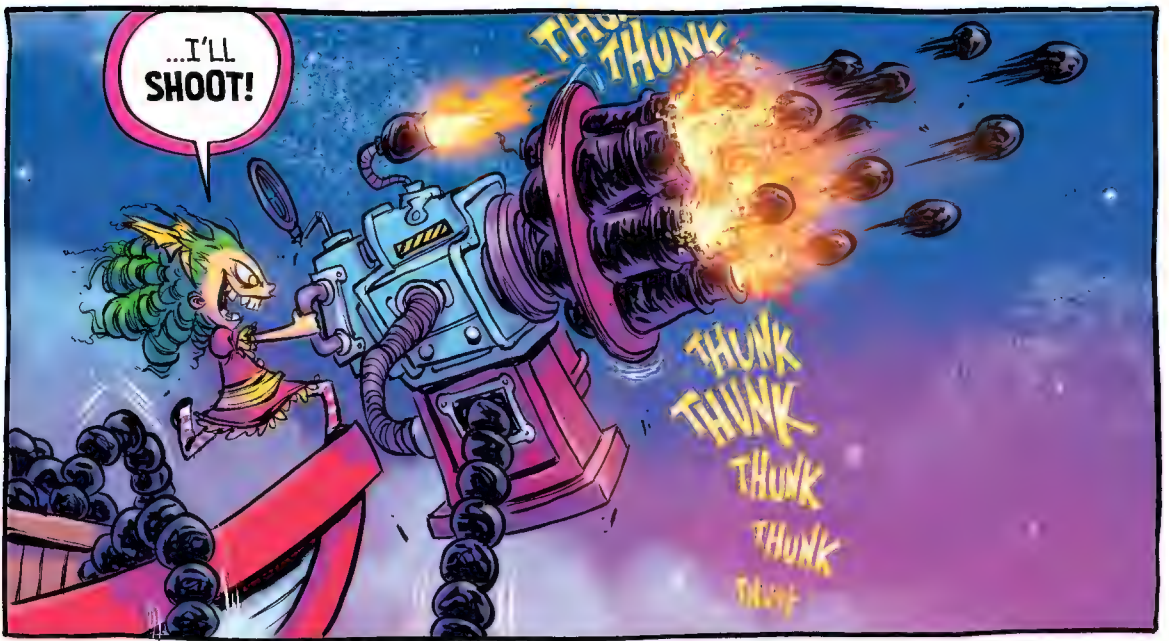
HOW **DARE** YOU
SPEAK TO ME IN THAT
MANNER.

I AM THE
HIGH TELLER
IN THE SACRED
GUILD OF
NARRATORS.
YOU WILL SHOW
ME THE PROPER
RESPECT.



OH, I'M
ABOUT TO SHOW
YOU SOMETHING
PROPER.





MEANWHILE, AT **QUEEN CLOUDIA'S CASTLE.**

IT'S SUCH A BEAUTIFUL NIGHT, SIR CHIRPINGTON.

I'VE NEVER SEEN SO MANY SHOOTING STARS IN ONE SKY.

IT IS A SIGHT TO BEHOLD, YOUR MAJESTY.

WAIT A MINUTE. IS THAT ONE COMING TOWARDS US?

UM, I DON'T THINK SO.

OK, YES. IT **WAS** COMING TOWARDS US. SORRY, YOUR FLUFFINESS.

WHAT'S HAPPENING TO MY LOVELY STARS, SIR CHIRPINGTON? TELL ME THEY'RE NOT ALL DEAD?

UM. UH. UNFORTUNATELY, THEY DO SEEM TO BE **NOT** ALIVE--

WAIT OVER THERE!

WHO DID THIS TO YOU, SIR?

IT WAS **HER**. I-T WAS A NIGHTMARE. NOTHING BUT THE GREEN OF H-HER HAIR...

...AND THE...
GASP BLOOD OF MY P-PEOPLE.





GERTRUDE!

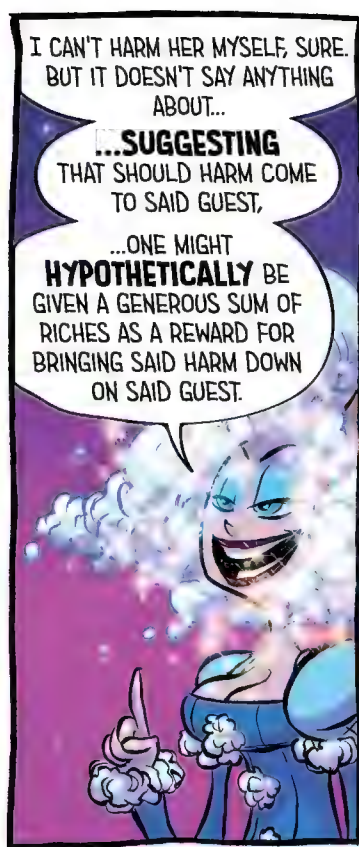
I'M GOING
TO KILL HER! I'M
GOING TO GRAB
THOSE PUKE GREEN
LOCKS AND--



BUT, QUEEN,
YOU KNOW THE RULES
PERTAINING TO GUESTS
OF FAIRYLAND.

"THE RULER,
WHETHER IT BE KING OR
QUEEN, MAY NOT HARM ANY
GUEST OF FAIRYLAND.
NOT--"

"--EVEN A
SINGLE HAIR."
YES, YES. YOU'RE RIGHT.
THE RULES ARE
THE RULES.



I CAN'T HARM HER MYSELF, SURE.
BUT IT DOESN'T SAY ANYTHING
ABOUT...

...SUGGESTING
THAT SHOULD HARM COME
TO SAID GUEST,

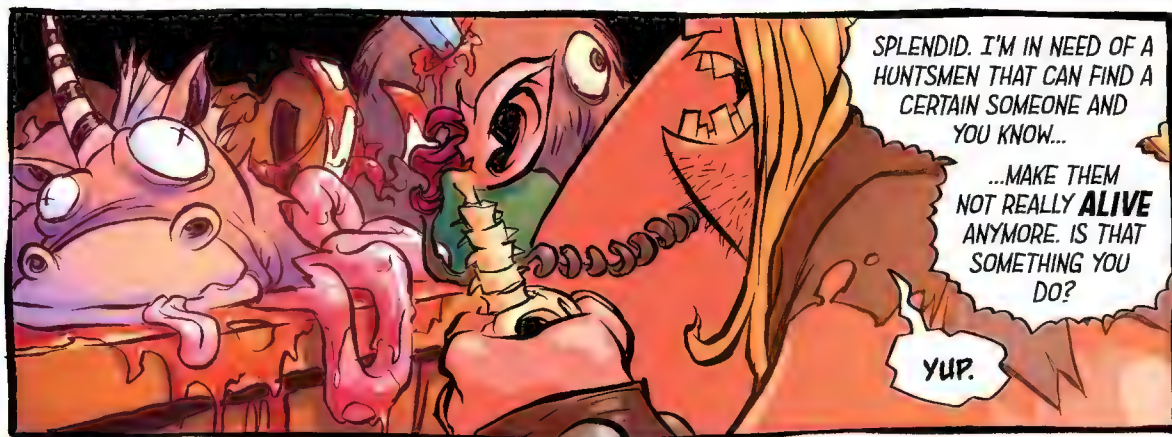
...ONE MIGHT
HYPOTHETICALLY BE
GIVEN A GENEROUS SUM OF
RICHES AS A REWARD FOR
BRINGING SAID HARM DOWN
ON SAID GUEST.



HELLO.

I'M
LOOKING FOR
**BRUUD THE
BRUTAL?**

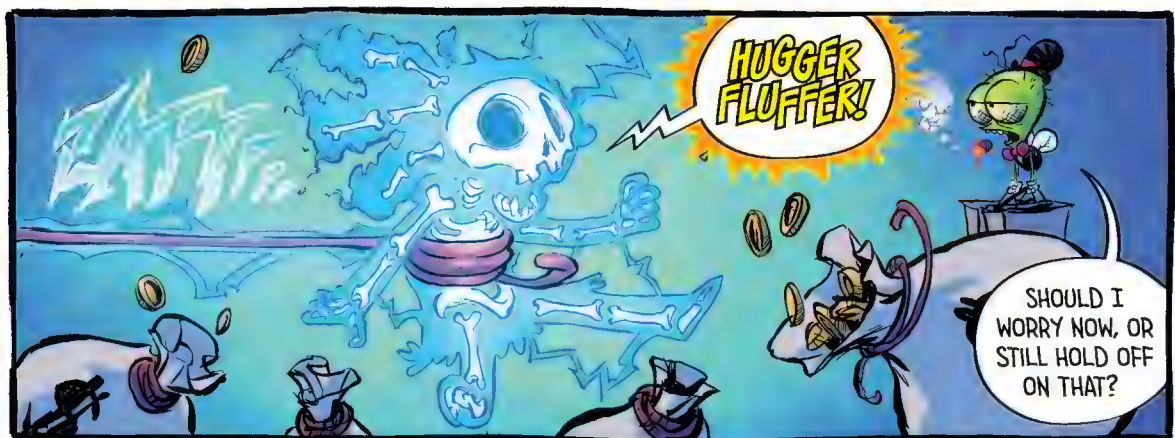
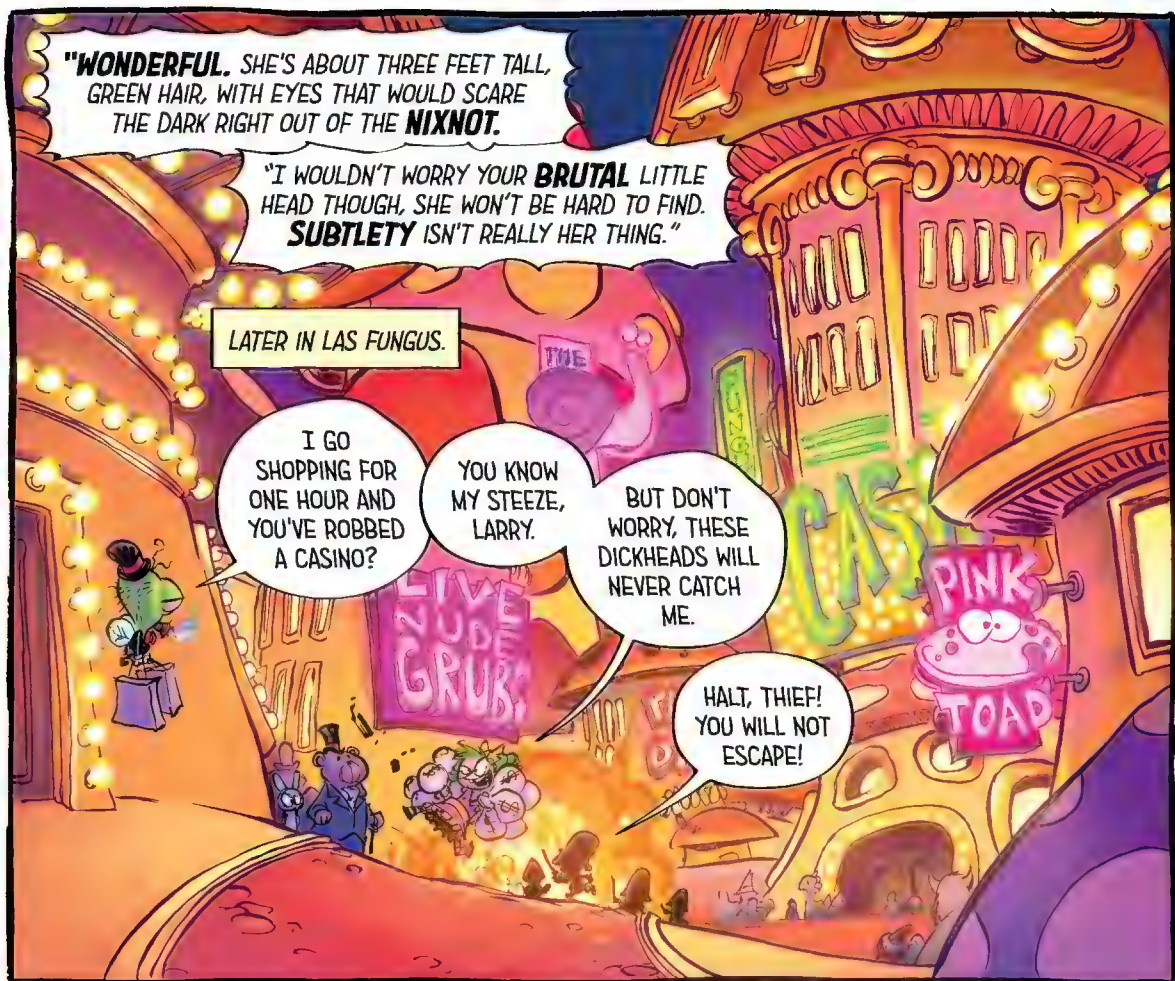
SPEAKING.



SPLENDID. I'M IN NEED OF A
HUNTSMEN THAT CAN FIND A
CERTAIN SOMEONE AND
YOU KNOW...

...MAKE THEM
NOT REALLY **ALIVE**
ANYMORE. IS THAT
SOMETHING YOU
DO?

YUP.



SLUG LORD, I HAVE BROUGHT YOU THE THIEF PENDING THE TRIAL BY RIDDLE, WOULD YOU LIKE HER SENT TO THE **DUNG MINES**, OR WORKING IN THE **GOOPER HOLES**?



THOSE SEEM LIKE FAIR OPTIONS TO ME, CAPTAIN.

WHAT SAY YOU, LITTLE ONE? YOU READY FOR A RIDDLE?



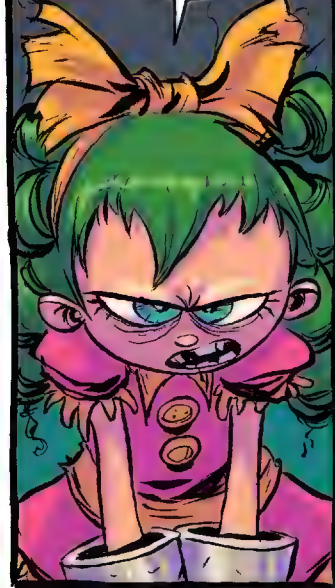
IS ANYONE EVER REALLY READY FOR A RIDDLE? THEY'RE KIND OF THE WORST, RIGHT?



THEN HOW ABOUT I ADD A THIRD OPTION. I GRIND YOUR GUTS AND BONES AND USE IT FOR A ROUX IN TOMORROW'S GUMBO.



FML. RIDDLE AWAY.



HERE'S A
SKULL
IN THE WITCH'S
BREW, THE BREW IS
IN THE BELLY

OF A
**TEN-TON
HEN'S BUN**
COVERED UP IN
JELLY

HIDDEN BY THE
VIPER'S
NOD OFF INTO THE
SLUMBERS

DREAMING OF A
*Gleaming
Dove* AND
HALF A DOZEN
BLUNDERS

WHO
DRINK FROM
THE **SPRING**
OF **TIME**
BUT HAVE NO
TIME TO
WASTE

AND
WHO EAT FROM THE
RINGED MIND
BUT CAN'T STAND
THE TASTE

DESPITE THE
SUGAR-FILLED
DEPOSITS OF NICE
AND FUZZY STOMACH
CRAMPS

THERE'S
STILL JUST THE
BUZZING OF THE
HALF BELOVED
**BUBBLE
LAMPS**

WHO ONLY
CARE ABOUT YOUR
DARKNESS
IF LEFT TO THEIR
OWN DEVICES

AND
WOULD GLADLY
TRADE YOUR HOPE
FOR A GLASS OF
**TOASTED
ICES**

TO MELT AWAY THE
**VELVET
CLAY**
LEFT BEHIND BY THE
LAST SQUEE

ANSWER THIS,
ONLY THEN WILL YOU
ESCAPE THE MINES OF
DUNG

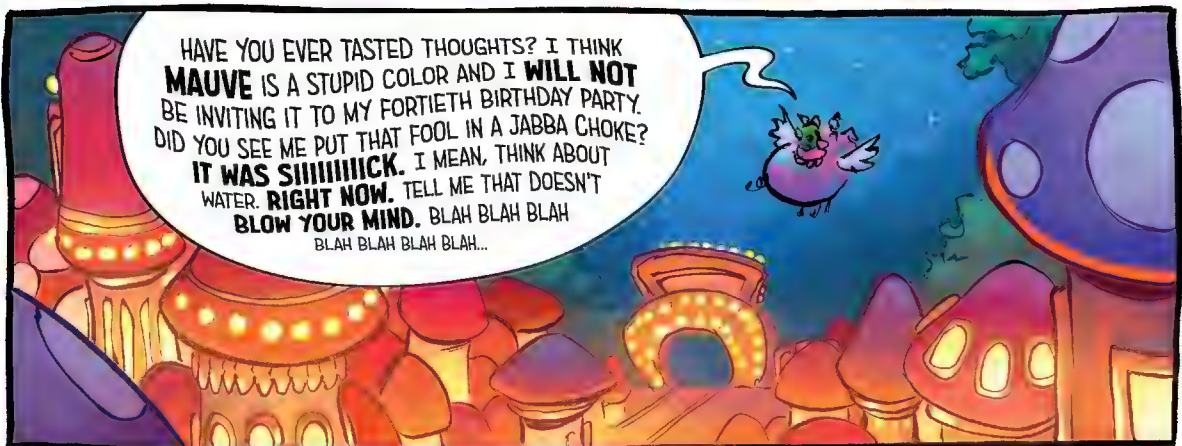
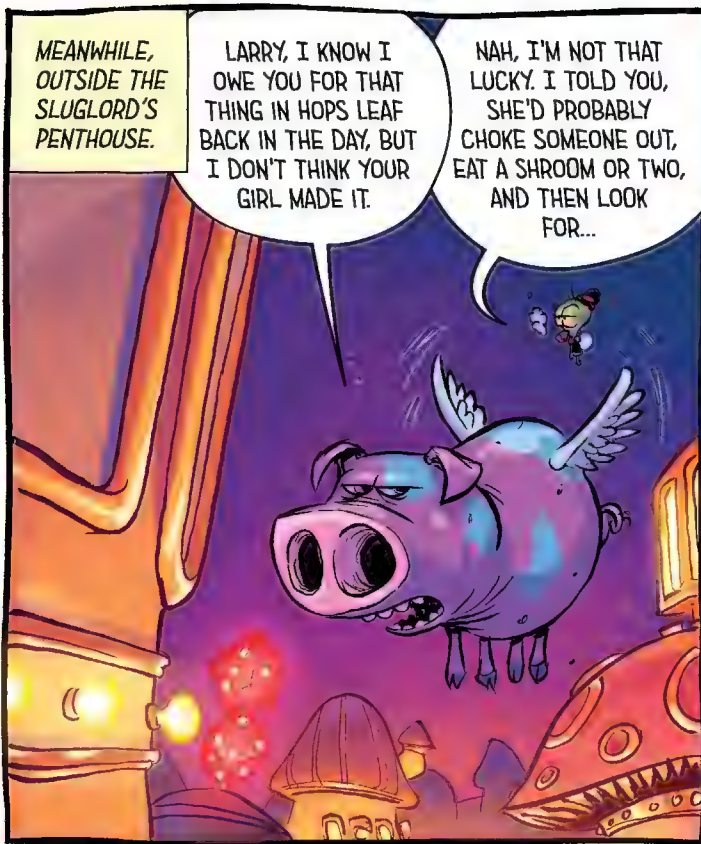
AND SET
YOURSELF
FREE.

SLUG

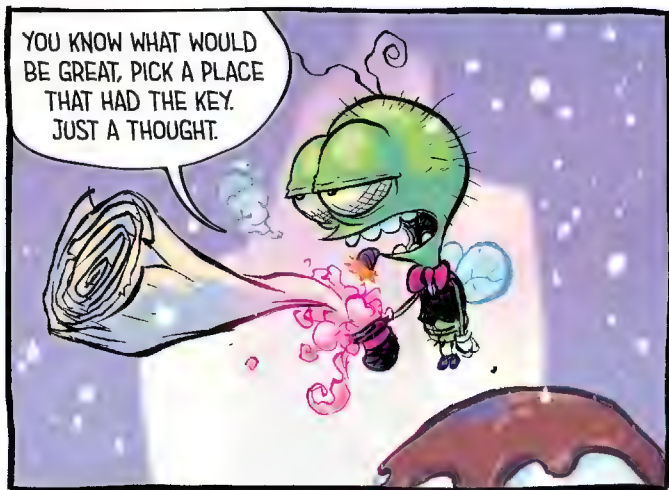














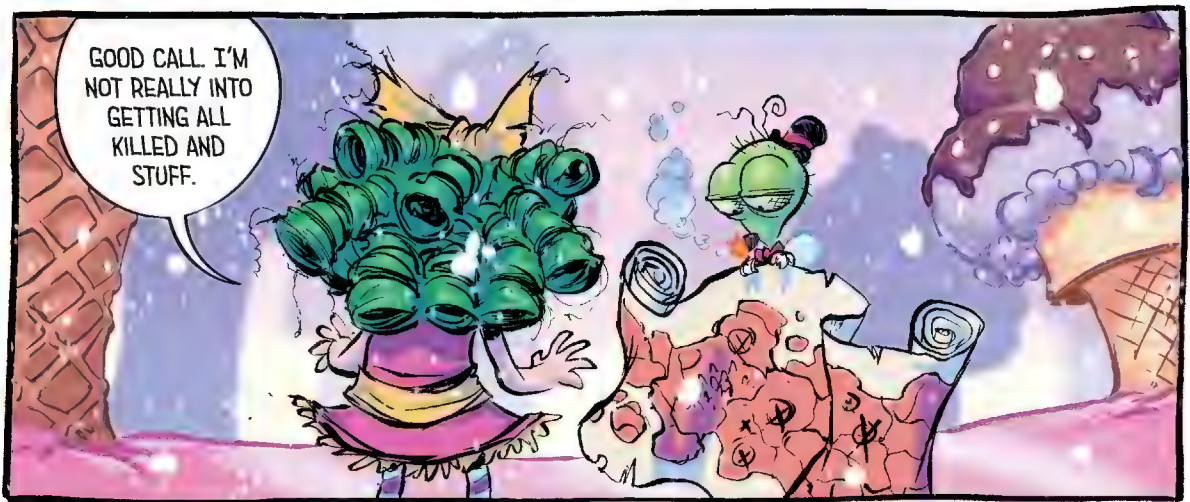
LOOKS LIKE THE
PURPLE PIG DROPPED
US BY THE HOWLING
HOLLOWS. WE CAN
LOOK FOR IT AROUND
THERE.



NOT SURE
THAT'S
A GREAT
IDEA.

YOUR RUN IN WITH MOONY
LAST NIGHT IS PROBABLY
CAUSING CHAOS WITH
THEIR CYCLES.

IF THEY WERE
FULLY WOLFED OUT,
THEY MIGHT BE STUCK
LIKE THAT FOR A
WHILE.



GOOD CALL I'M
NOT REALLY INTO
GETTING ALL
KILLED AND
STUFF.



THAT'S
TOO BAD...

...THAT'S
EXACTLY WHAT
I'M HERE TO
DO...

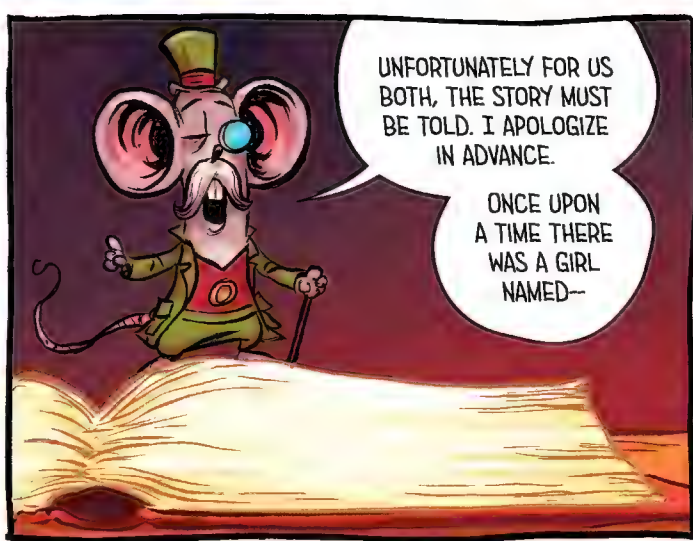
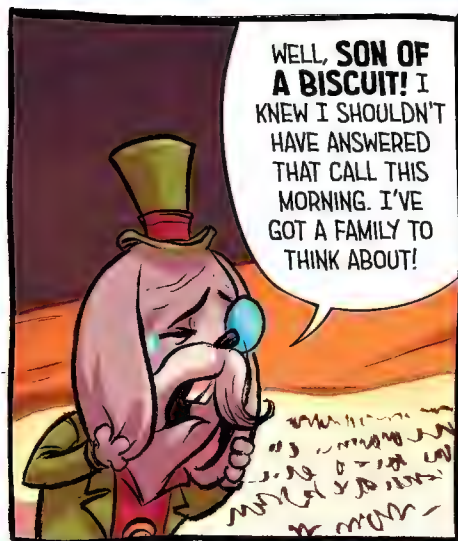
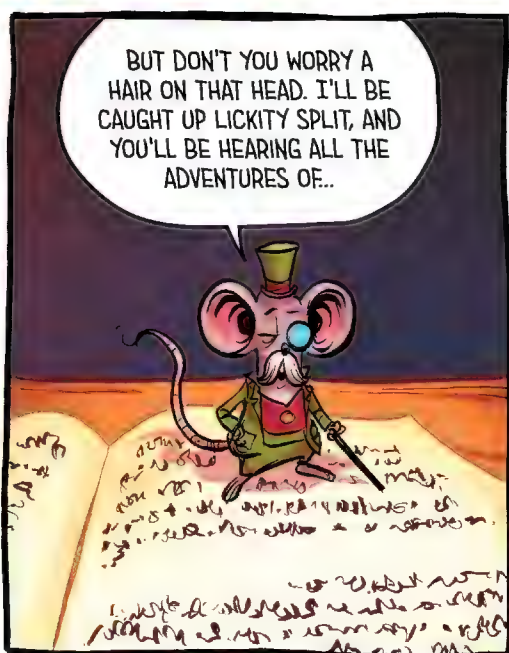
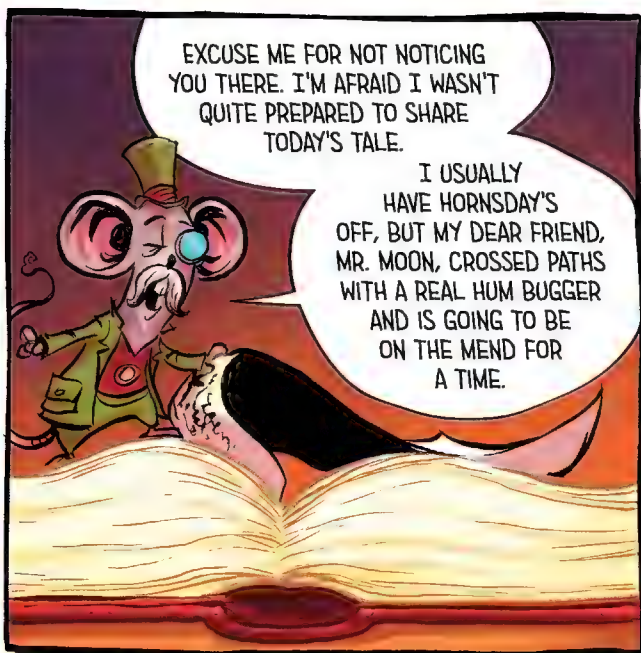
...AND
STUFF.





TWO







...GERTRUDE.



IT'S JUST
A LIL' KEY,
YA KNOW.

TWENTY-SEVEN
YEARS, ONE KEY.
IT'S JUST...
YA KNOW.



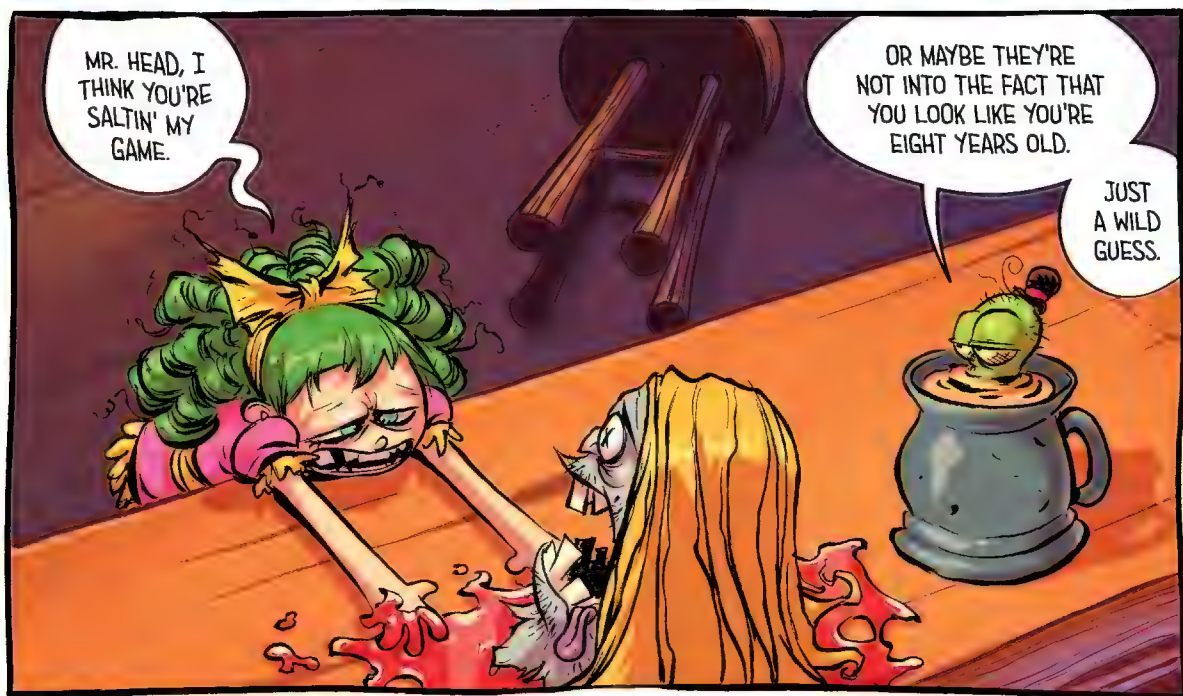
"YEAH, FAIRYLAND
SURE DOES SUCK
BIG FAT DRAGON
GORDS!"

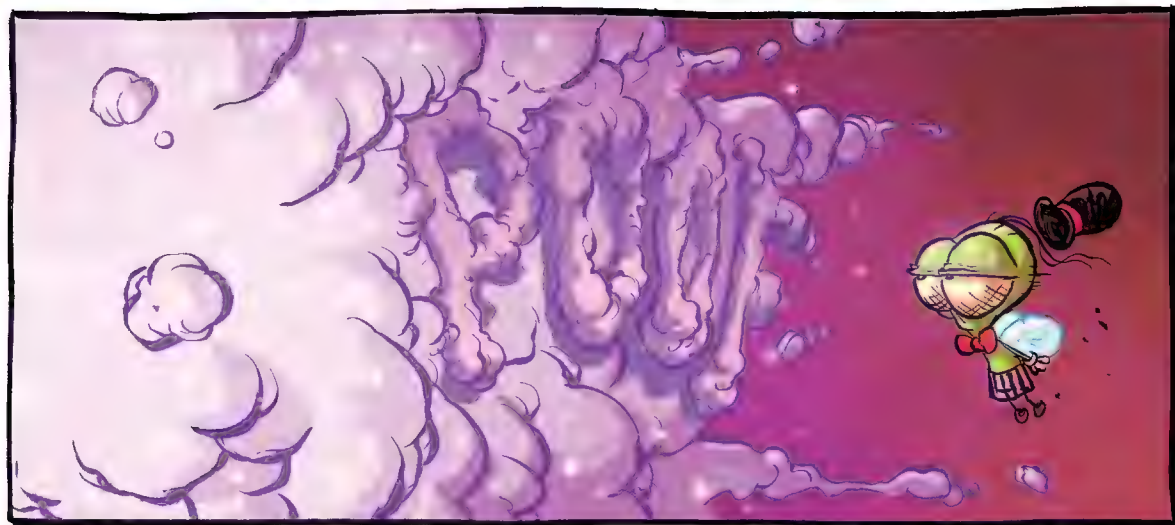


MAN, YOU
REALLY
GET ME!

I MEAN, IF YOU WOULDN'T HAVE TRIED TO
KILL ME, THEN I WOULDN'T HAVE CUT YOUR
HEAD OFF WITH YOUR OWN AX, AND WE
COULD'VE TOTALLY BEEN BESTIES.









WHAT IN THE HOLY
FLUFF HAPPENED
TO ME? I'M A
GOB-DING'D
MONSTER!

THAT WOULD
BE THE **WISHERS**
ALE YOU'VE BEEN
DRINKING. YOU DRINK
IT, YOU WISH IT,
IT GRANTS IT.

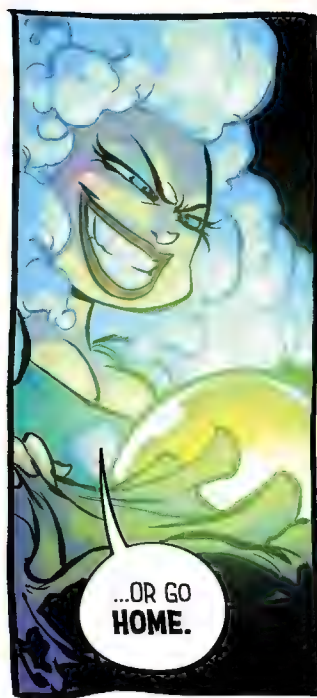
I SAID I WANTED TO LOOK
NORMAL. I SURE AS
PUFF DIDN'T WISH
FOR **THIS!**

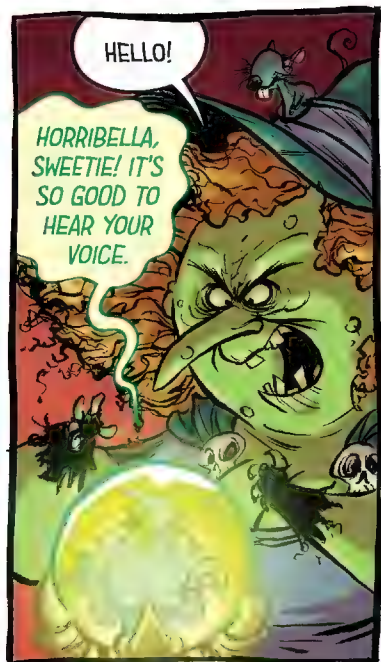
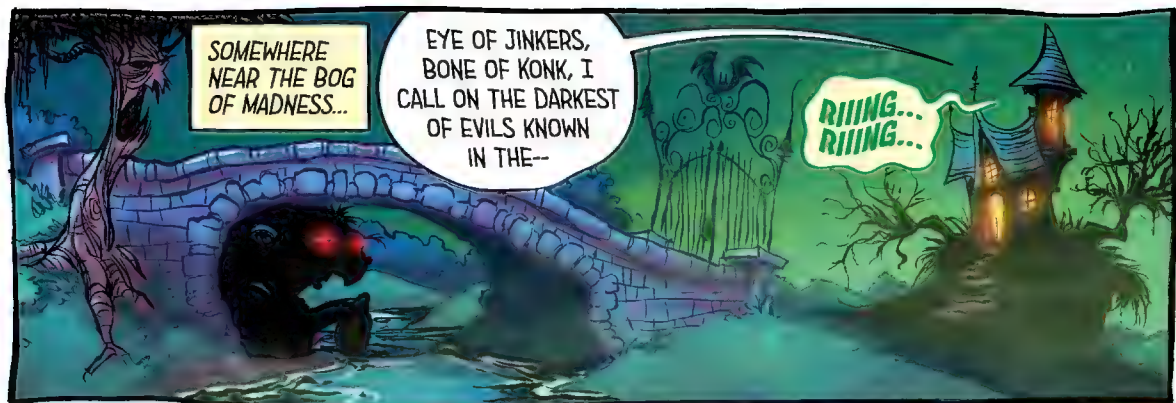
YOU'VE LIVED ON
A **FAIRYLAND DIET**
YOUR WHOLE LIFE, WHICH
IS BASICALLY SUGAR,
SUGAR, AND THEN SOME
MORE SUGAR.

SO YOUR
NORMAL SEEMS
TO BE WALKING
TYPE-NINETEEN
DIABETIC
TUMOR.

HEY, YOU
NEVER KNOW,
MAYBE THAT
FROG KNIGHT
FINDS THAT
KIND OF
THING HOT.

BAP





"I FEEL
VERY **OKAY**
WITH THAT."

"PERFECT. MY FAIRIES TELL ME
SHE'S ON MORT'S TRAIL SOMEWHERE
NEAR THE GIGGLE GIANTS."



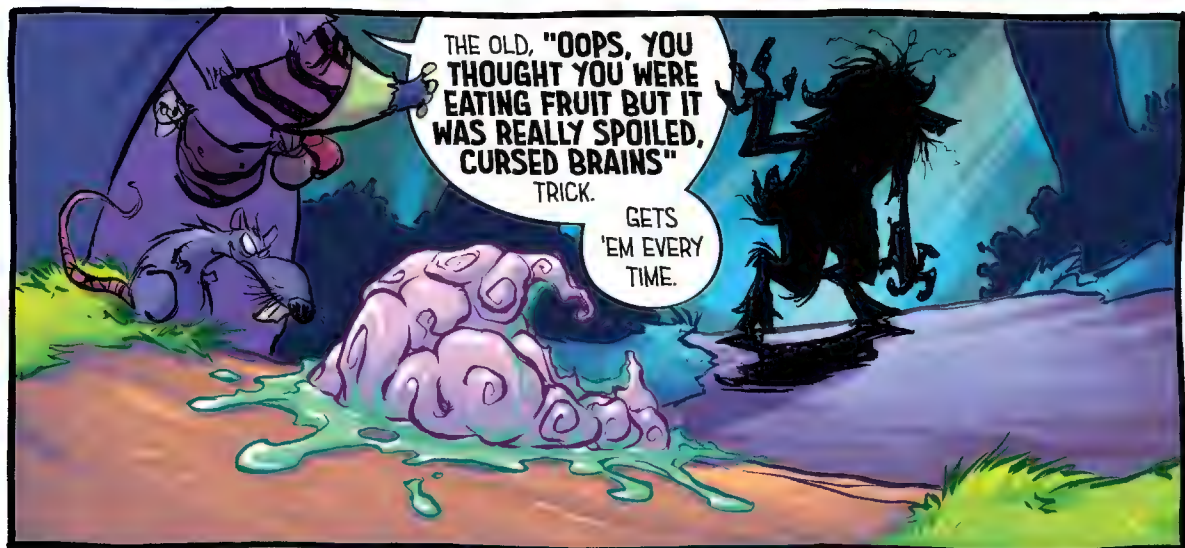
"THEN IF WHAT I
HEAR ABOUT GERTRUDE
IS TRUE, SHE'LL END
UP IN FAUN VALLEY."



"IS THAT A
GOOD THING?"

"YES, I CAN
WORK WITH
THAT."





THE NEXT DAY.

I FEEL LIKE
SHISH! REMIND
ME TO
NEVER DRINK
AGAIN.

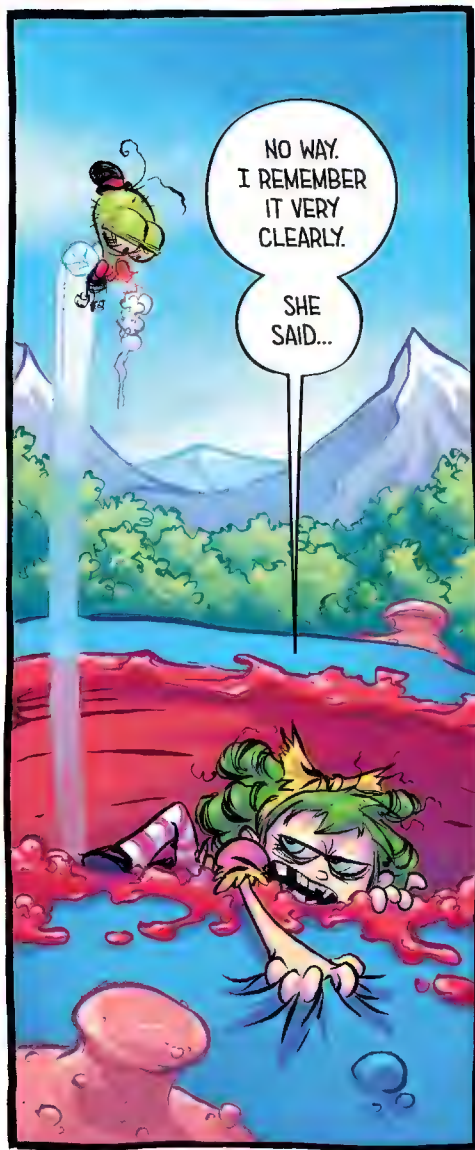
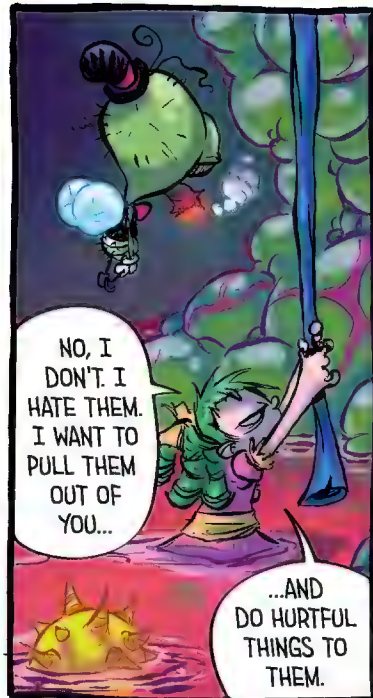
I **FOUND**
IT! BY GUM,
I ACTUALLY
FOUND IT!

WHAT? ARE
YOU SERIOUS RIGHT
NOW? YOU REALLY
FOUND IT?

I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS. ALL
THESE YEARS, SEARCHING
AND I FINALLY HAVE
MY **KEY!**

WHAT?
NO.

I DROPPED
MY LIGHTER
EARLIER. I
FOUND IT.





...SLAY THE
TICKLE TROLL
AND HUNT THE
HEART.

NOT EVEN
CLOSE.

SHE SAID
PAY THE
FICKLE TOLL
OR BE BUMPED
TO START.

WHAT
TOLL?

BEATS ME.
ANYWAY, THESE
WEREN'T **TICKLE**
TROLLS, THEY'RE
GIGGLE
GIANTS.

TICKLE,
GIGGLE, WHATEVER.
THEY WON'T BE
LAUGHING ANYMORE,
WILL THEY?

ANYWAY,
WE'RE NEAR FAUN
VALLEY. I HEAR
THE **HORN AND HOOF**
SERVES A MEAN
MARGARITA.

WHAT ABOUT
THE **"NO MORE
DRINKING"** THING
YOU DECLARED AFTER
YOUR DAY OF BEING
NORMAL?

WHAT ABOUT
THE "YOU SHUT YOUR
MOUTH AND LET'S GO
GET **CANNONED**"
THING?

FAIR
ENOUGH.
I'M IN.

A SHORT
TIME LATER.

WHAT DO YOU
MISS MOST ABOUT
YOUR WORLD?

EVERYTHING.
YOU KNOW, SLEEPING
IN BEDS, ASKING FOR
DIRECTIONS AND
GETTING A STRAIGHT
ANSWER INSTEAD
OF A HAIKU...

...SCHOOL, PLAYING WITH MY FRIENDS,
SPENDING MY DAYS BEING LOVED BY MY PARENTS
INSTEAD OF WALKING ENDLESSLY THROUGH A WORLD
THAT KIDNAPPED ME AND FORCED ME TO FIND A
HUGGIN' PUFFIN' KEY THAT I COULD GIVE **TWO ZIPS**
ABOUT JUST TO GET BACK TO THE PLACE
I WAS TO BEGIN WITH AND--

GERT, SHUT UP FOR A
MINUTE. WHAT'S THAT
UP THERE ON THE
PATH?

IT'S A BRAIN.

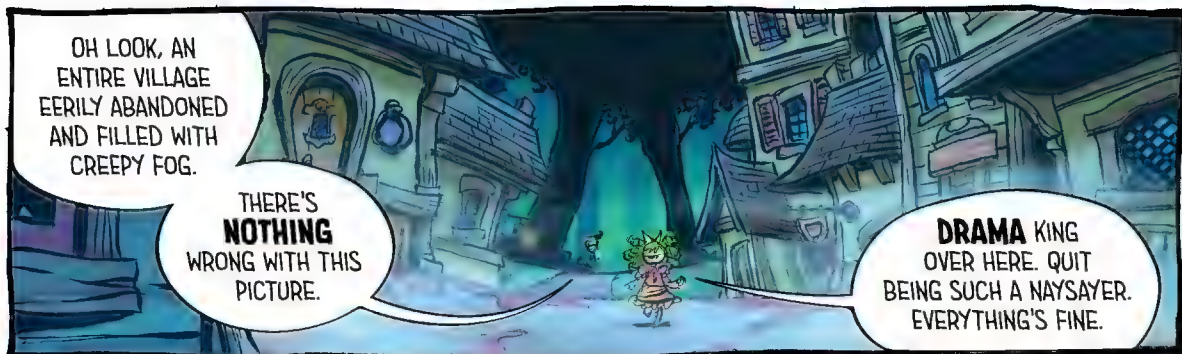
AND IT
LOOKS LIKE
IT HAS A
BITE TAKEN
OUT OF IT.

YEAH, SO.
WHAT'S WRONG
WITH THAT?

WELL, IT'S A BRAIN
LAYING IN THE ROAD
AND IT LOOKS LIKE
IT HAD A BITE TAKEN
OUT OF IT. A LOT
IS **WRONG**
WITH THAT.

THIS IS A **BAD** SIGN. WE
NEED TO STAY AWAY FROM
FAUN VALLEY.

LARRY, I
THINK YOU'RE LOOKING
WAY TOO DEEP INTO THIS
WHOLE **BRAIN-ON-THE-**
GROUND THING.



OH LOOK, AN
ENTIRE VILLAGE
EERILY ABANDONED
AND FILLED WITH
CREEPY FOG.

THERE'S
NOTHING
WRONG WITH THIS
PICTURE.

DRAMA KING
OVER HERE. QUIT
BEING SUCH A NAYSAYER.
EVERYTHING'S FINE.



HERE'S THE
PLACE. I BET WE'RE
GOING TO GO INSIDE
AND FIND THE WHOLE
TOWN LIT UP AND
HAVING A **GREAT**
TIME.



OR
WE'LL SEE
THAT.



GULLUGGH.



"NO, LARRY,
THE BRAIN WASN'T
SUSPICIOUS AT ALL.
THERE'S NO WAY
WE'LL WALK INTO
FAUN OF THE
DEAD!"

SWEET PUN.
NOW IF YOU'RE
DONE BAWLING
AROUND, I'D LIKE
TO TRY OUT THE
NEW TOY WE
GOT FROM THE
HEADLESS
HUNTSMAN.



ALL RIGHT, BOYS,
WHO WANTS TO
TRY AND EAT SOME
OF THIS?

DO YOU EVER
HEAR YOURSELF
SPEAK? LIKE ACTUALLY
LISTEN TO YOUR
WORDS?



GAARG!

GRAH!





...RUIN
MY DAY.





THREE





HELLO, MY DEAR READER.
I'M AFRAID THERE'S A BIT OF
A **SITUATION** GOING ON HERE
SO TODAY'S STORYTELLING
MIGHT FALL A LITTLE BELOW
THE STANDARDS OF THE
NARRATORS GUILD.

NEVERTHELESS,
A TALE MUST BE
TOLD.



SO, LET'S
MAKE A GO OF IT,
SHALL WE?

ONCE
UPON A--



GAH...

...TIME.



I DON'T
THINK HE WAS A
ZOMBIE FAUN.

OOPS. MY BAD,
INNOCENT OLD
MAN.



♪ BUT HEY,
LET'S LOOK ON
THE BRIGHT SIDE
INSTEED! ♪

♪ DESPITE THIS
POOR SAP, ALL
THE ZOMBIES ARE
DEEEED! ♪

♪ NOW
IT'S TIME
TO— ♪

I CAN'T KILL
YOU, BUT I CAN
SHOOT YOU IN THE
THROAT IF YOU DON'T
STOP THAT THING
YOU THINK IS
SINGING.



MEANWHILE, BACK AT
QUEEN CLOUDIA'S CASTLE.

YOU'VE
GOT TO BE
KIDDING
ME!

IT'S ONE LITTLE GIRL
AND NO **ONE** IN THE
ENTIRETY OF **FAIRYLAND**
SEEMS TO BE ABLE TO
EVEN PUT A SCRATCH
ON HER.

YOU GOTTA
GIVE IT TO THE
LITTLE BRAT,
CLOUDIA. SHE'S
GOT SOME
STYLE.

UGH! YOU ARE ALL
USELESS. I CAN SEE
THAT I'M GOING TO HAVE
TO TAKE THIS TO THE
HIGHEST LEVEL.

CANCEL MY
AFTERNOON
AND SHOW
HORRIBELLA
OUT.

WHAT
A DIVA.

HERE'S MY
CARD. IF QUEENY
DOESN'T KILL GERT,
TELL HER HORRIBELLA
HAS A JOB FOR HER.
I COULD USE EVIL
LIKE THAT.

SOON...

WELL, A VISIT
FROM HER
MAJESTY,
HOW LUCKY.



HELLO,
BARQUE. I AM
HERE TO MEET
WITH THE COUNCIL
OF ELDERS.

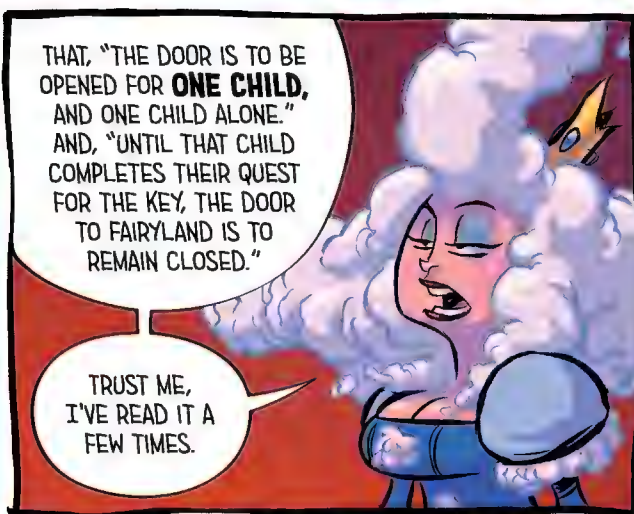
YES, MS.
CLOUDIA. IT IS
THE SOLE REASON
FOR ANY BEING TO
PAY THE GREAT
ANCIENT BARQUE
A VISIT.



OH, I SEE ON TOP
OF SPEAKING IN THE THIRD
PERSON, YOU'VE ADDED A
"GREAT" TO YOUR NAME.
CUTE.

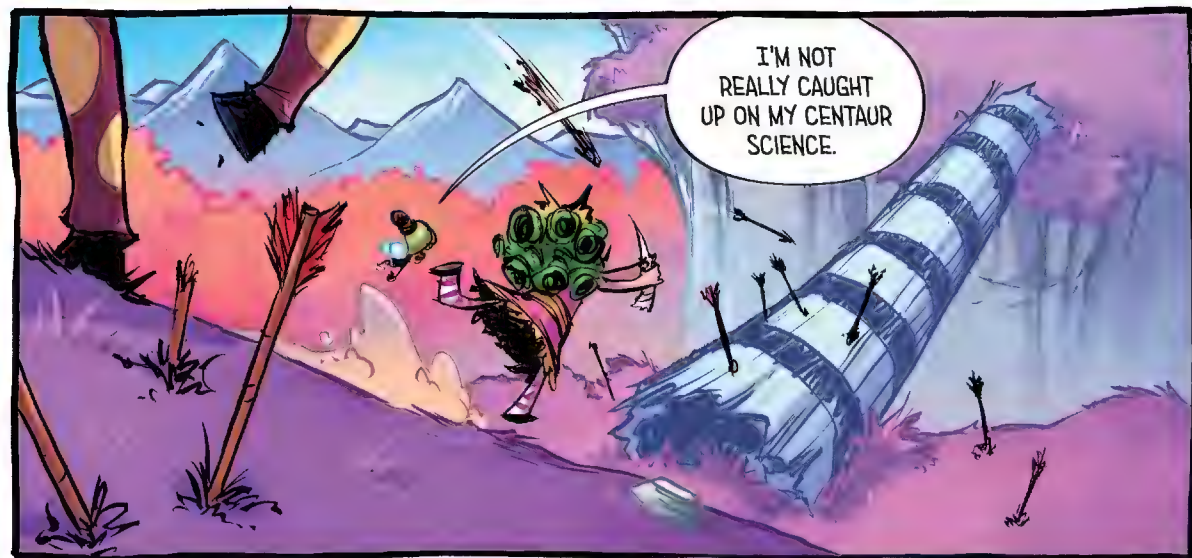
WHILE IT'S
ALWAYS NICE CATCHING
UP ON YOUR VERY EVENTFUL
LIFE AND THE EVOLUTION
OF YOUR TITLE, COULD YOU
OPEN UP SO I CAN SPEAK
WITH THE COUNCIL?

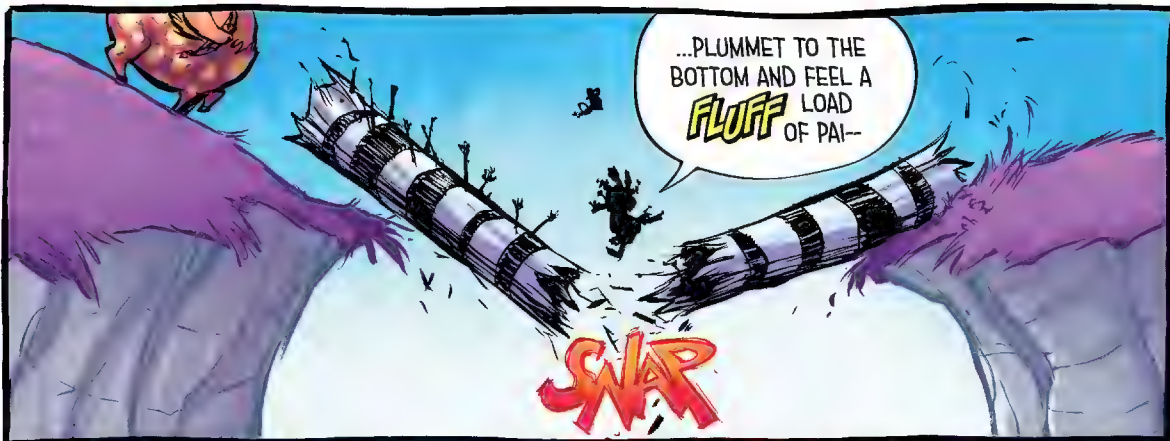
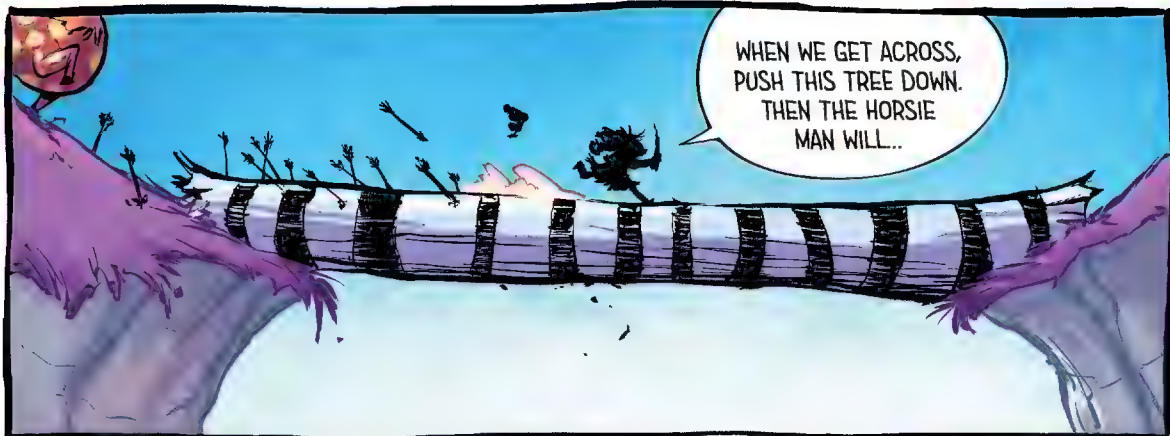






MEANWHILE, IN THE LAND
OF THE **POLKACORNS**.





SO I WAS THINKING WE
COULD HIT UP THE **LOOPSIE
LANDING** AFTER THIS. EVEN IF
WE DON'T FIND THE KEY THERE,
I GOT A FRIEND THAT CAN HOOK
US UP WITH SOME **LOLLY
POLLIES** AND WE'LL BE
GLAZED FOR A GOOD
WEEK OR SO.



GERT? LET'S GO. IF WE LEAVE NOW
WE CAN CATCH THE **FAIRY FERRY**
AND I WON'T HAVE TO FLY YOUR
BIG HEAD ACROSS THE **SALTED
CARAMEL SEA.**



YOU
TROLLING ME?
YOU BETTER NOT BE
TROLLING ME.

COME ON.
WAKE UP.

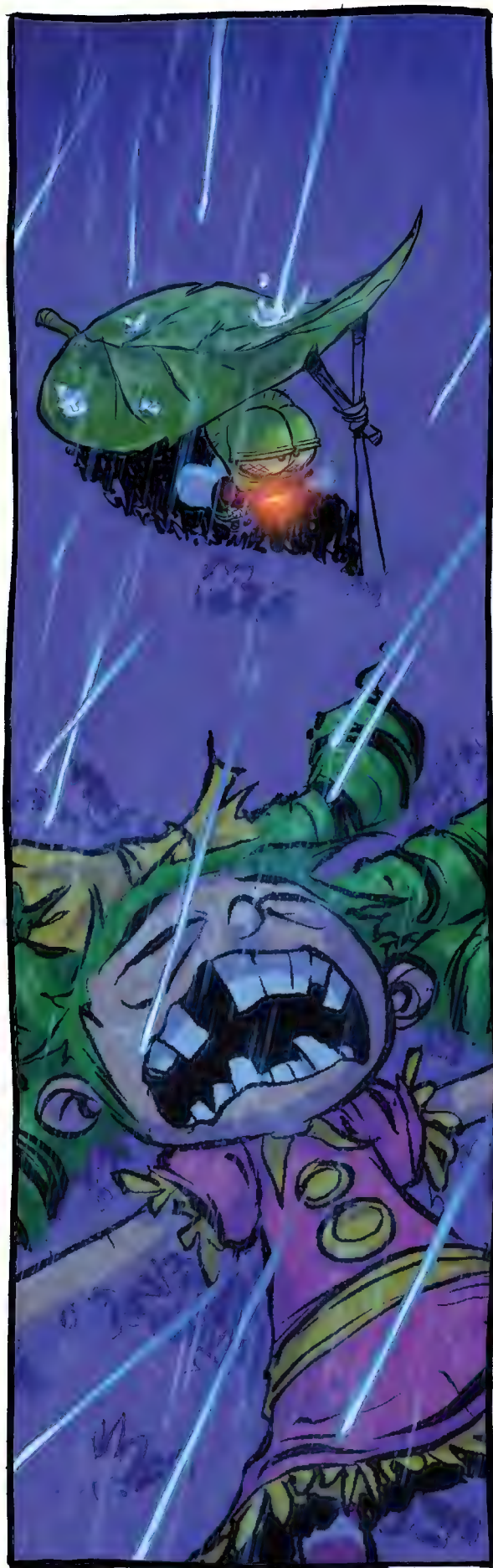


GREAT.
NOTHING LIKE A
LITTLE RAIN TO MAKE
A MISERABLE LIFE
A BIT MORE
MISERABLE.

THANKS,
WEATHER
KING.

**YOU'RE
WELCOME.**









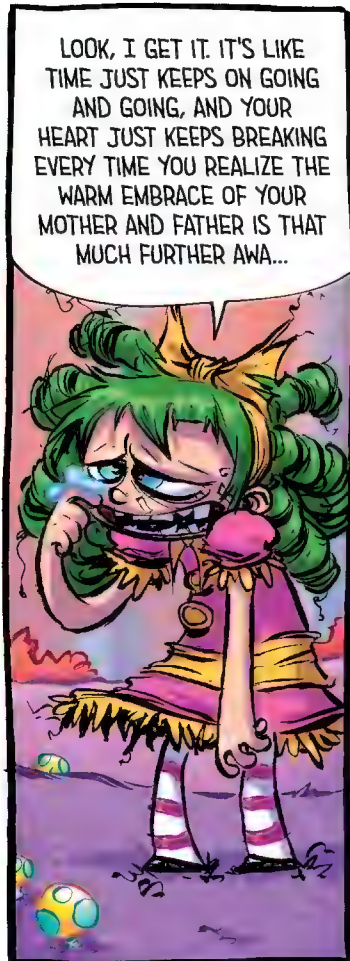
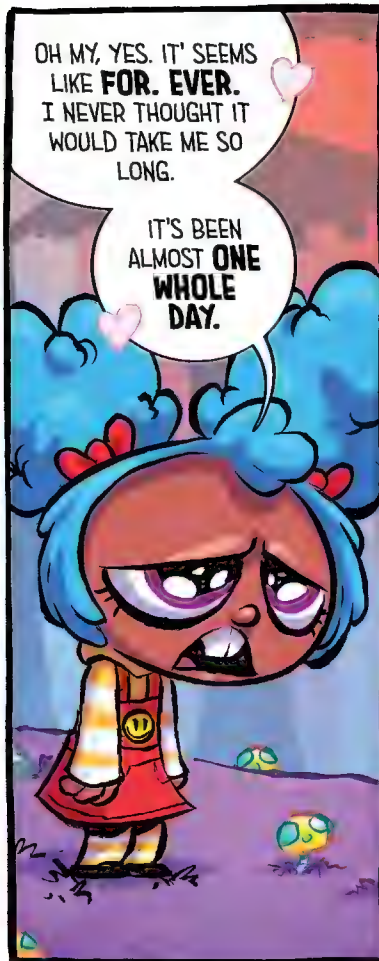














I DON'T UNDERSTAND. HOW DID YOU DO IT? IT WAS THE **EYE OF SECRETS**, WASN'T IT? WHAT DID SHE GIVE YOU? THAT **HUGGER FLUFFIN' SACK OF WHISPERS** IS SUCH A LIAR!



HMM. LET'S SEE.

I BROUGHT HER **SIDWAYS WATER** AND SHE GAVE ME THE **THREE DAY STAR**, THEN—



THAT **GITCH!** SHE GAVE ME A PAIR OF **MOLDY WOOTEN NUTS** AND SAID IT WOULD SUMMON THE SPIRIT OF...

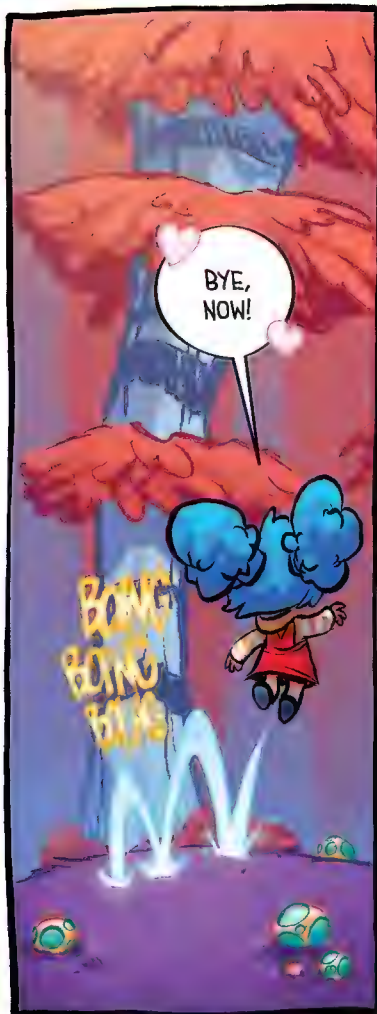
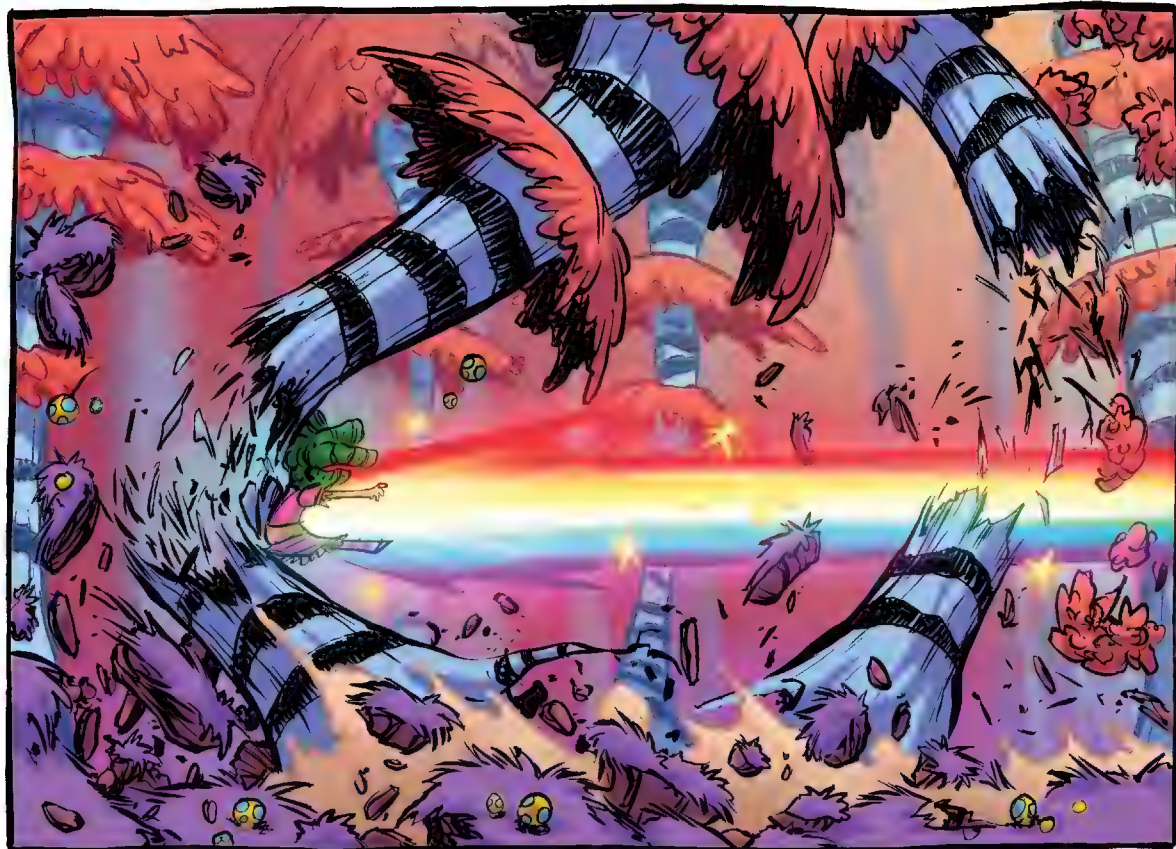
...YOU KNOW WHAT? NEVER MIND. DOESN'T MATTER.



LAST QUESTION.

DO YOU THINK IT WILL BE ANY HARDER TO FIND THE KEY...







THANKS,
KEEP IN
TOUCH.

GO **FLUFF**
YOURSELF.



HEY, YOU TWO SEEN
A GIRL FLY THROUGH HERE?
GREEN HAIR? PROBABLY
SAYING A LOT OF
BAD WORDS?

WE AIN'T
SEEN NUTTIN',
PIG!

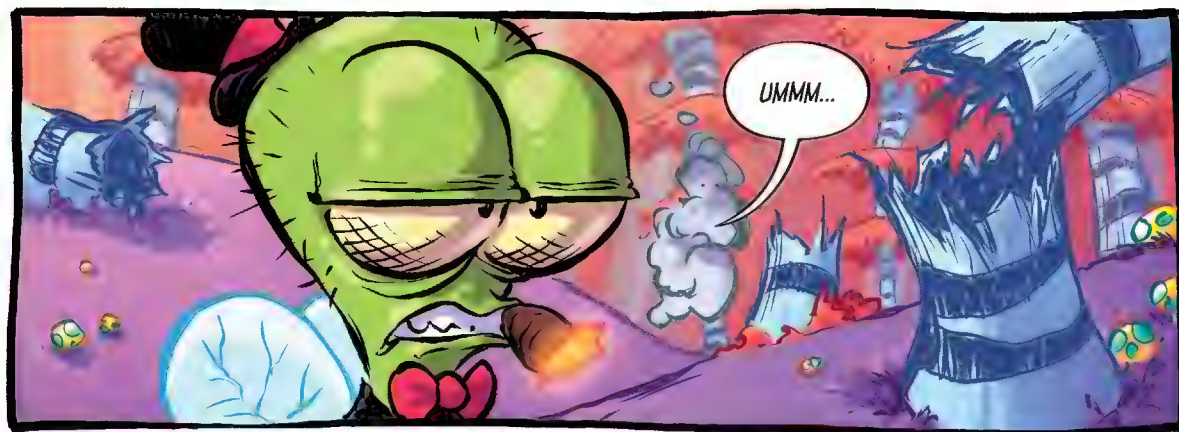
CALM DOWN.
WHY DO YOU
ASSUME EVERYONE
IS A COP?



GERTRUDE?
WHERE ARE
YOU?



GERT? COME ON! I KNOW
IT'S EMBARRASSING TO GET
BEAT UP BY A GIRL WHO SHOOTS
RAINBOWS, BUT LOOK AT THE
BRIGHT SIDE, AT LEAST
YOU'RE NOT...



UMMM...

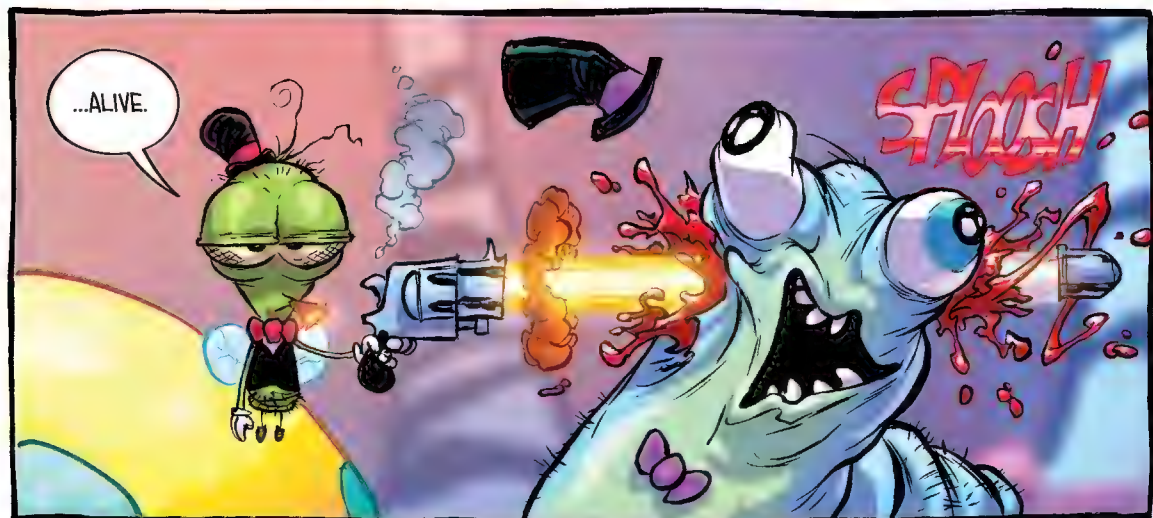
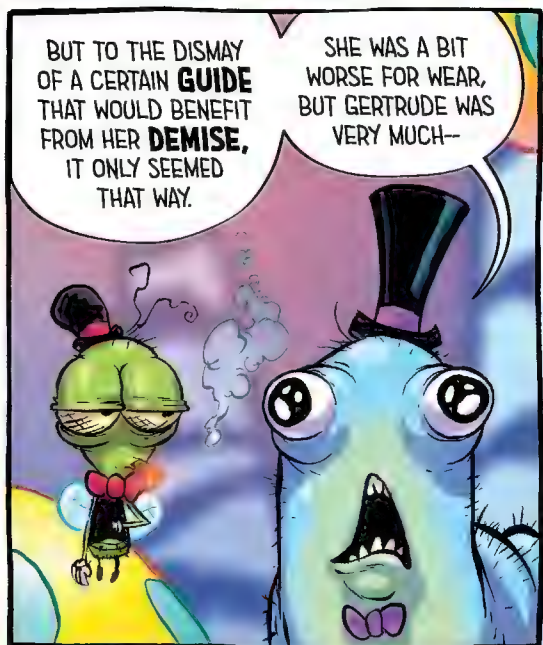
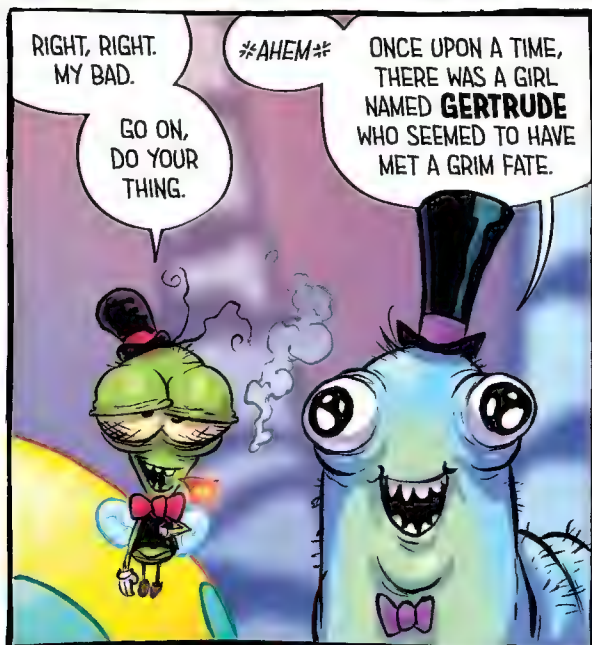


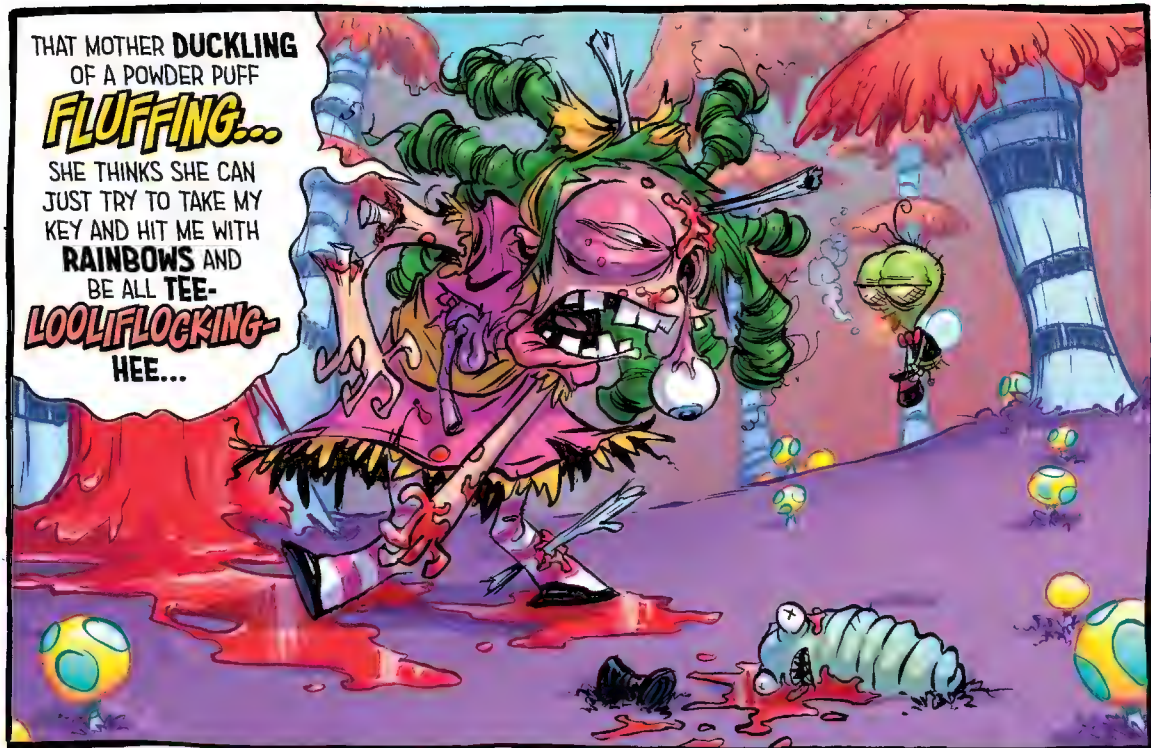
...DEAD.



FOUR







THAT MOTHER DUCKLING
OF A POWDER PUFF
FLUFFING...
SHE THINKS SHE CAN
JUST TRY TO TAKE MY
KEY AND HIT ME WITH
RAINBOWS AND
BE ALL TEE-
LOOLIFLOCKING-
HEE...



...AND THEN RUN OFF
BEFORE I EVEN GET
WARMED UP AND START
MESSING HER WHOLE
SHISH, LIKE...



...THE **BOSS** THAT
I AM. YOU KNOW
WHAT I'M SAYING,
LARRY?

RARELY.



WHATEVER.

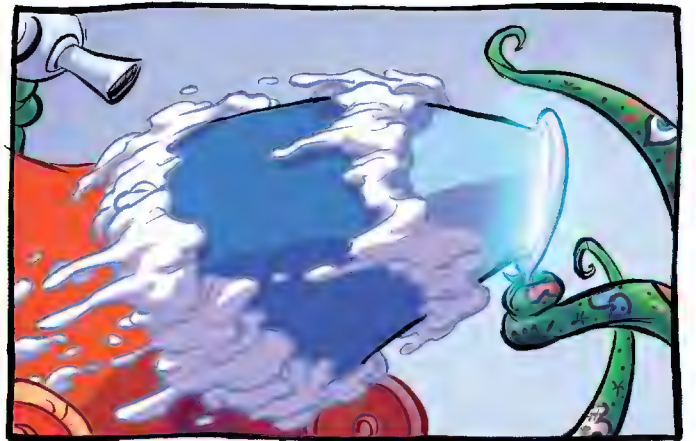
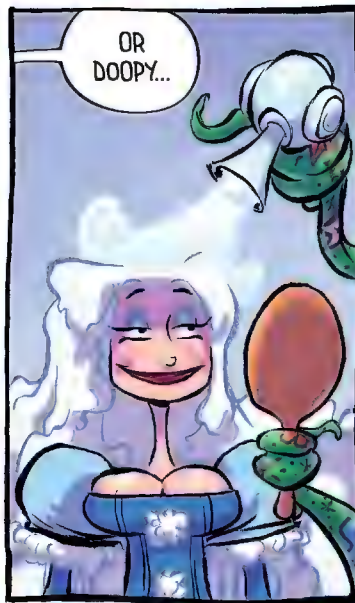
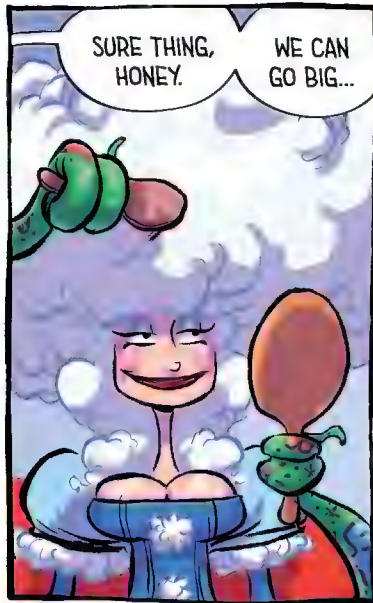
DO YOU STILL HAVE THAT
THING THAT WE GOT FROM
THE GUY THAT TAKES YOU
TO THE PLACE WITH ALL
THE THINGIES?

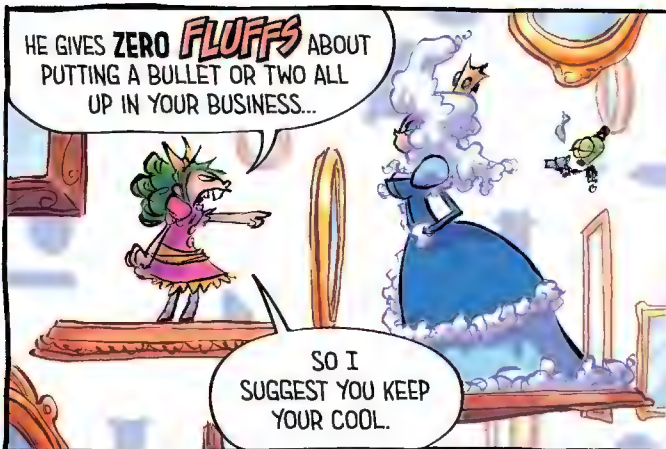
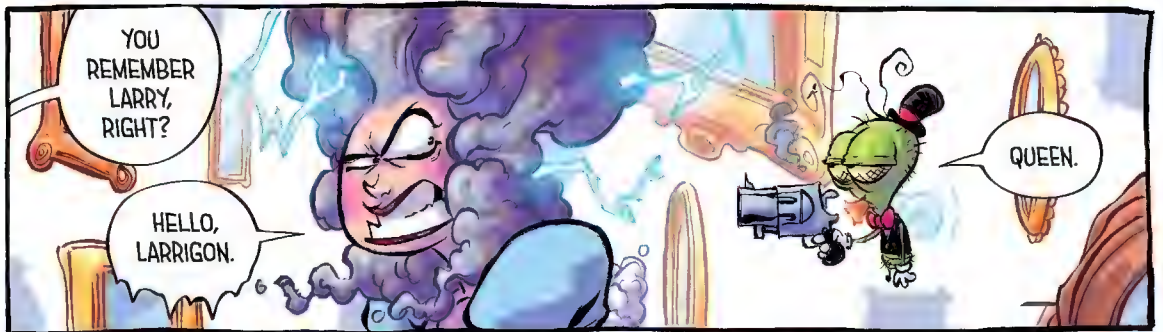
THE VANITY
GATE?


THAT'S IT.



I NEED TO
HAVE A TALK
WITH AN OLD
FRIEND.









YOU MUST BE TALKING ABOUT **HAPPY**. SHE IS A BEAM OF PURE SUNSHINE, WOULDN'T YOU AGREE?

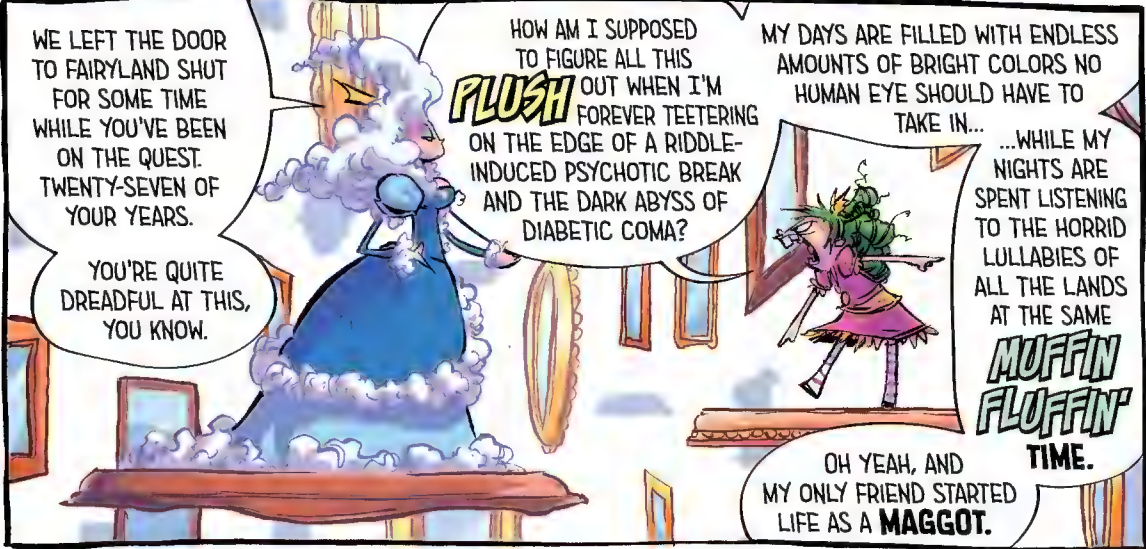
SURE, IF YOU'RE INTO THAT KIND OF THING. WHAT'S SHE DOING HERE?



I SUSPECT SHE'S VERY NEAR **THE KEY**.



SHE TOLD ME THAT, QUEEN **MOTHER PUFFER!** I WANT TO KNOW WHY SHE'S LOOKING FOR THE KEY! IT'S LIKE...
...**MINE!**



WE LEFT THE DOOR TO FAIRYLAND SHUT FOR SOME TIME WHILE YOU'VE BEEN ON THE QUEST. TWENTY-SEVEN OF YOUR YEARS.

YOU'RE QUITE DREADFUL AT THIS, YOU KNOW.

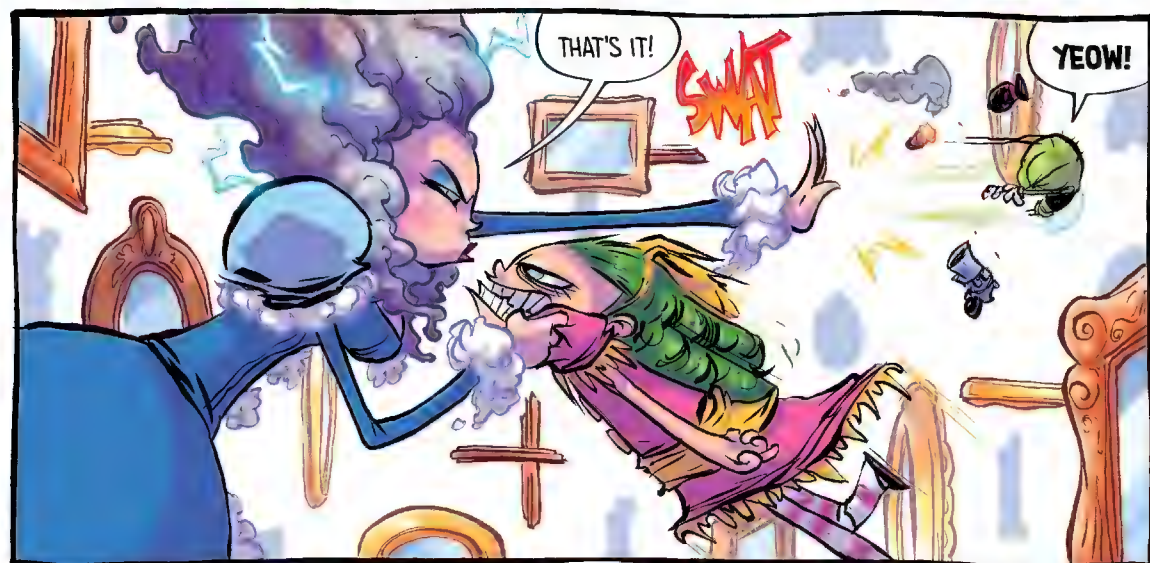
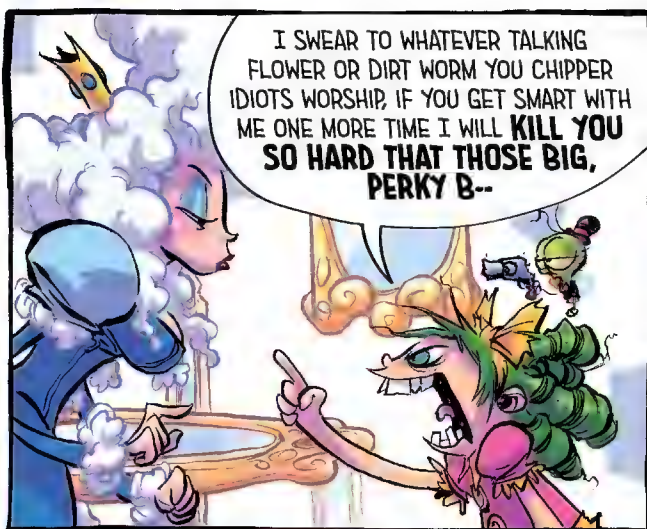
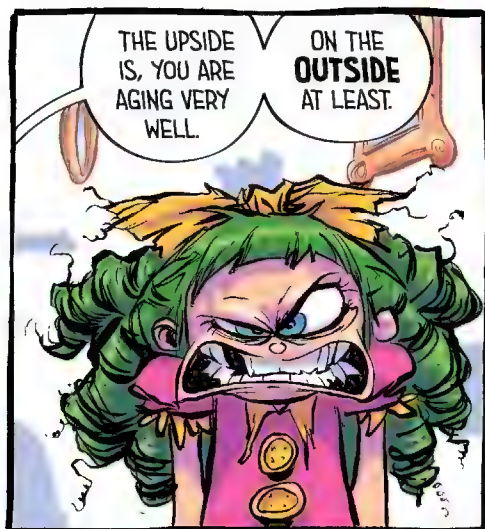
HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO FIGURE ALL THIS **PLUSH** OUT WHEN I'M FOREVER TEETERING ON THE EDGE OF A RIDDLE-INDUCED PSYCHOTIC BREAK AND THE DARK ABYSS OF DIABETIC COMA?

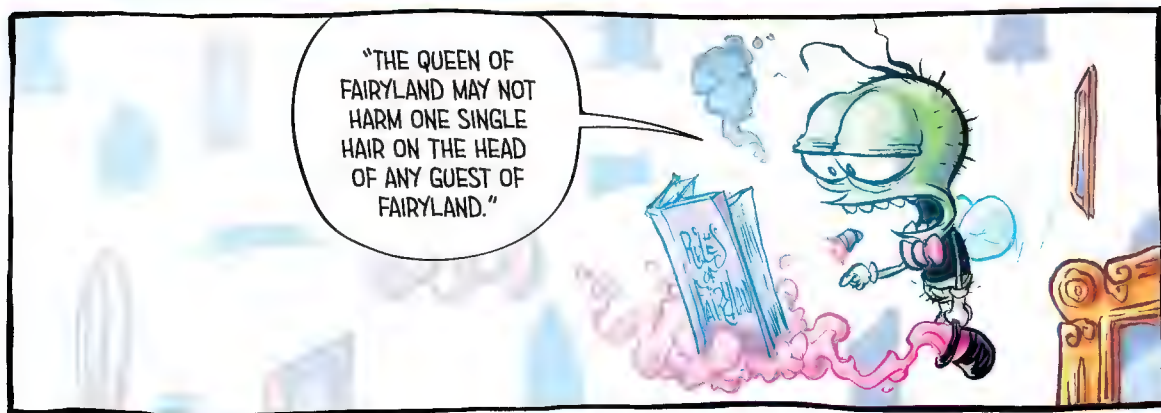
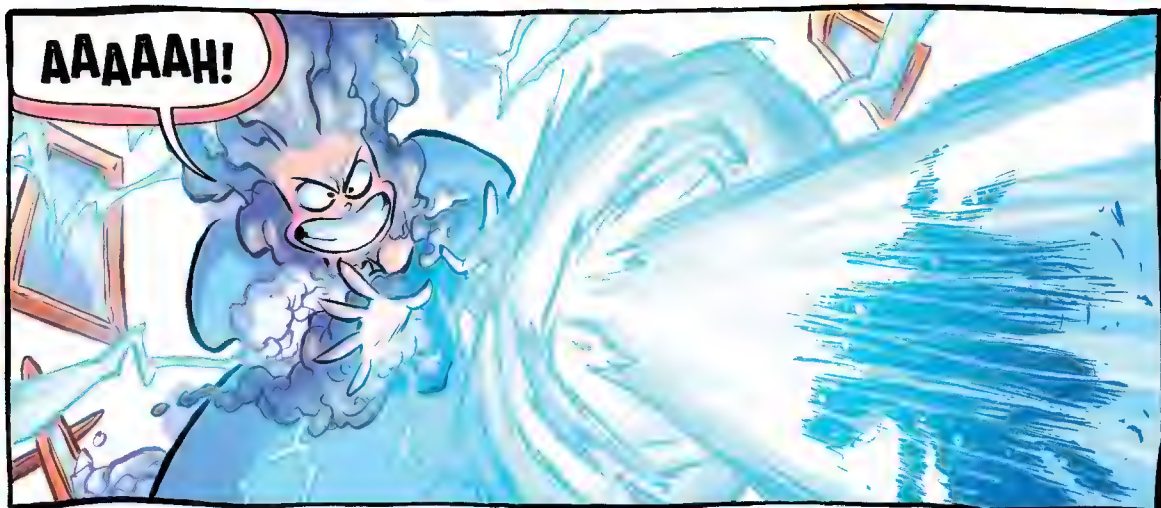
MY DAYS ARE FILLED WITH ENDLESS AMOUNTS OF BRIGHT COLORS NO HUMAN EYE SHOULD HAVE TO TAKE IN...

...WHILE MY NIGHTS ARE SPENT LISTENING TO THE HORRID LULLABIES OF ALL THE LANDS AT THE SAME

MUFFIN FLOFFIN' TIME.

OH YEAH, AND MY ONLY FRIEND STARTED LIFE AS A **MAGGOT**.







YES! I KNOW
THE LAWS OF FAIRYLAND.
I HAPPEN TO BE THE
QUEEN OF ALL FAIRYLAND
SO WILL EVERYONE,
PLEASE...

...STOP
READING ME
THE LAWS OF
FAIRYLAND!



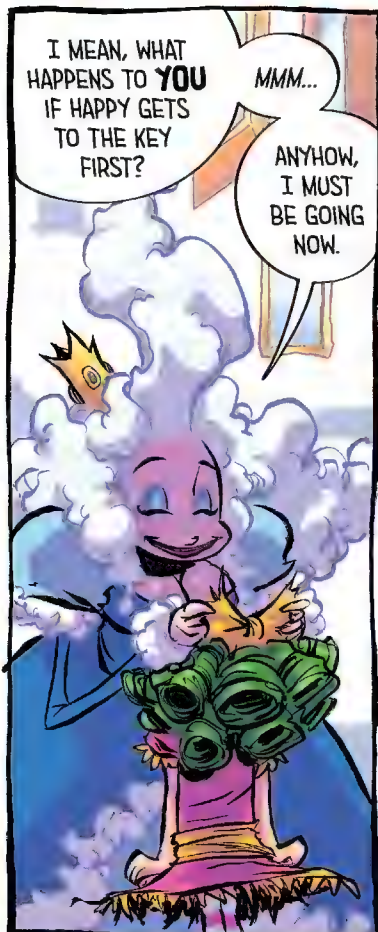
MY APOLOGIES, DEAR. I DON'T
KNOW WHAT CAME OVER ME.
MY JOB IS VERY STRESSFUL.
HEAVY IS THE CROWN AND
ALL THAT.



WHILE I **WANT** TO
STRANGLE YOUR LITTLE
NECK UNTIL YOU ARE
SIMPLY **DEAD**, YOU
ARE A **GUEST**.

FOR
NOW.

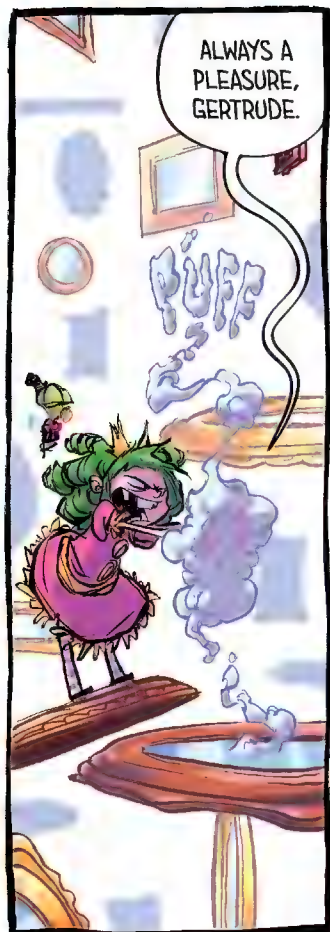
WHAT'S,
"FOR NOW,"
MEAN?



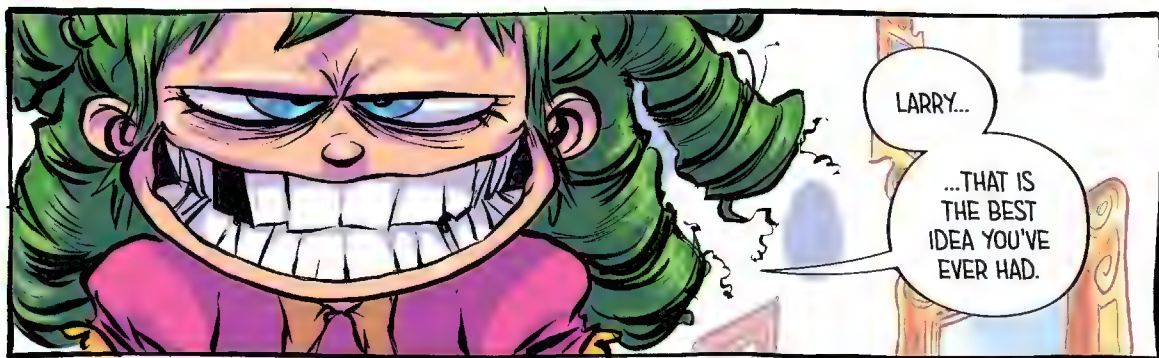
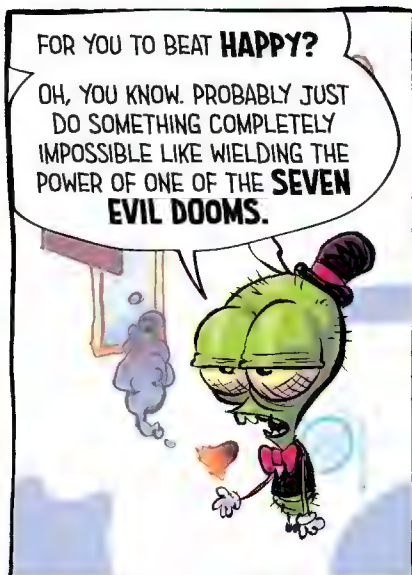
I MEAN, WHAT
HAPPENS TO **YOU**
IF HAPPY GETS
TO THE KEY
FIRST?

MMM...

ANYHOW,
I MUST
BE GOING
NOW.

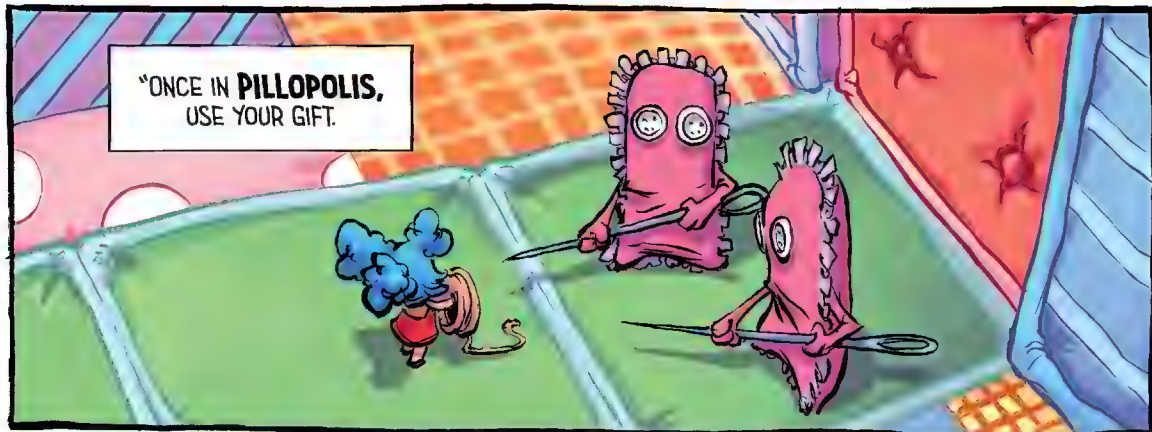


ALWAYS A
PLEASURE,
GERTRUDE.

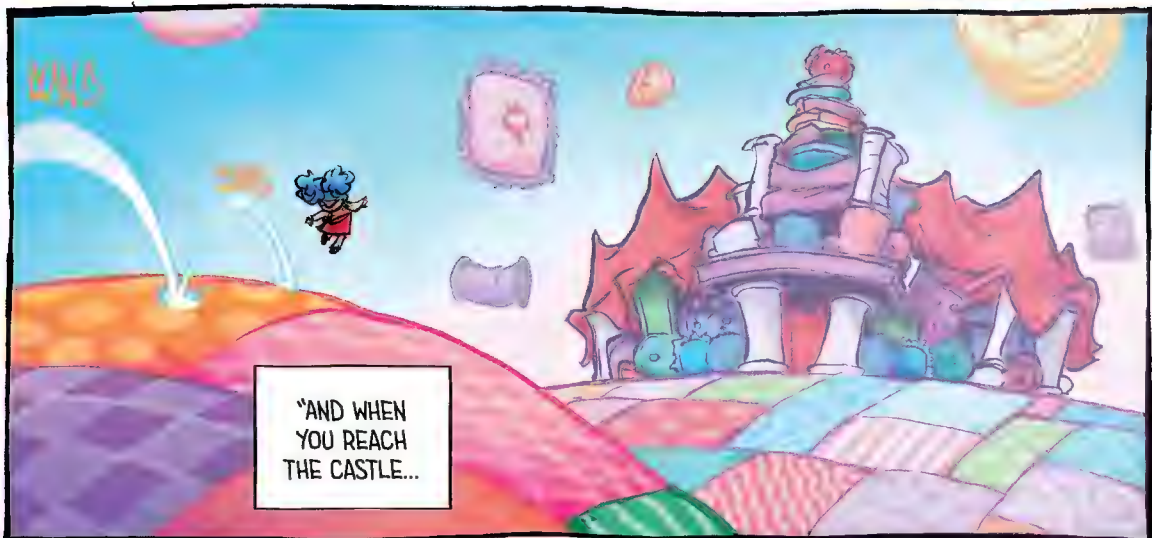




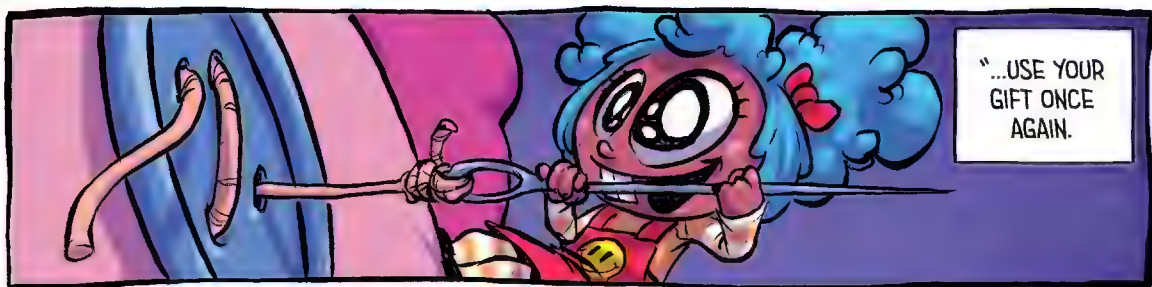
"ONCE IN **PILLOPOLIS**,
USE YOUR GIFT.



"AND WHEN
YOU REACH
THE CASTLE..."



"...USE YOUR
GIFT ONCE
AGAIN.



"**DOT** WILL SEE THAT YOU ARE REWARDED."



MEANWHILE.

I'D LIKE TO REITERATE THAT SEEKING OUT ONE OF THE SEVEN EVIL DOOMS WAS NOT AN ACTUAL SUGGESTION. WE CAN STILL TURN BACK.

SACK UP, MAN. I BET THE **FOREST OF DOOMED TREES** IS JUST A NAME TO SCARE PEOPLE OFF. I BET THERE AIN'T NOTHING BUT HARMLESS SQUIRRELS AND CUTE CHIPMUNKS IN THERE.



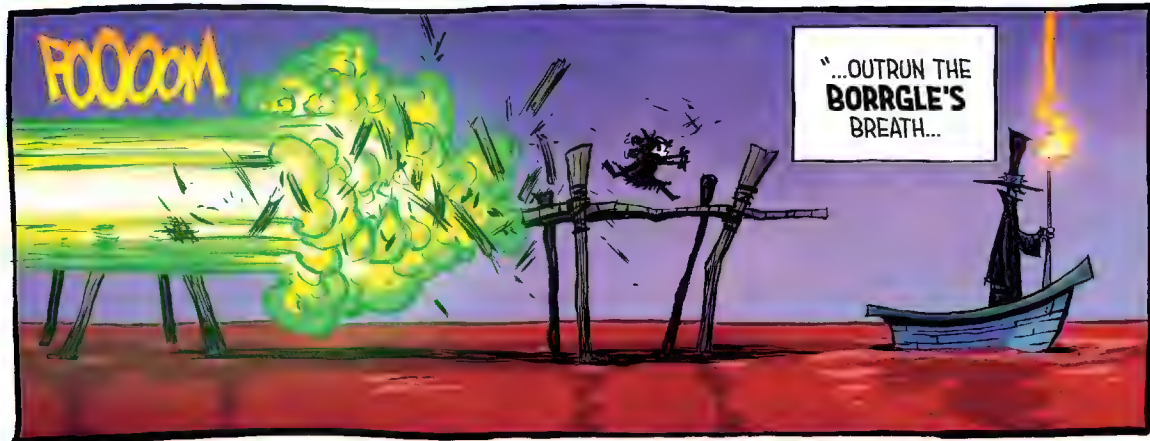
"AFTER THE FOREST, WE STILL HAVE TO
SURVIVE THE **BAWLING FIELDS...**



"...SCALE THE
PEAKS OF THE
SNORING
SNOTTIES..."



"...OUTRUN THE
BORRGLE'S
BREATH..."



"...AND THEN
CROSS THE
RED S--

ENOUGH WITH
THE PLAY BY PLAY,
LARRY. WE'VE BEEN ON
THIS BOAT FOR TWO
HOURS SO IF YOU WANT
TO HEAR THE SOUND OF
YOUR OWN HORRIBLE VOICE
THEN WHY DON'T YOU
TELL ME WHERE THE
SPELL THIS
GUY
LIVES!

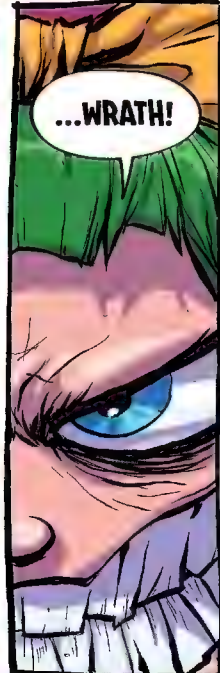
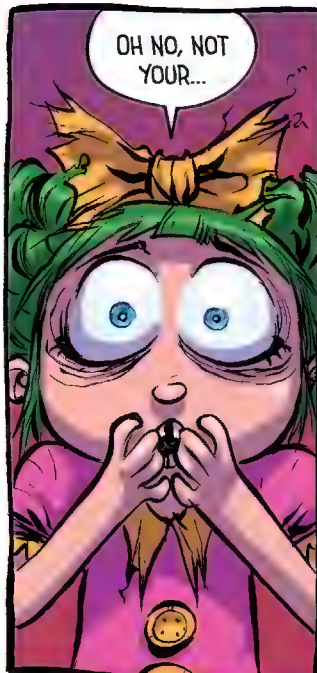
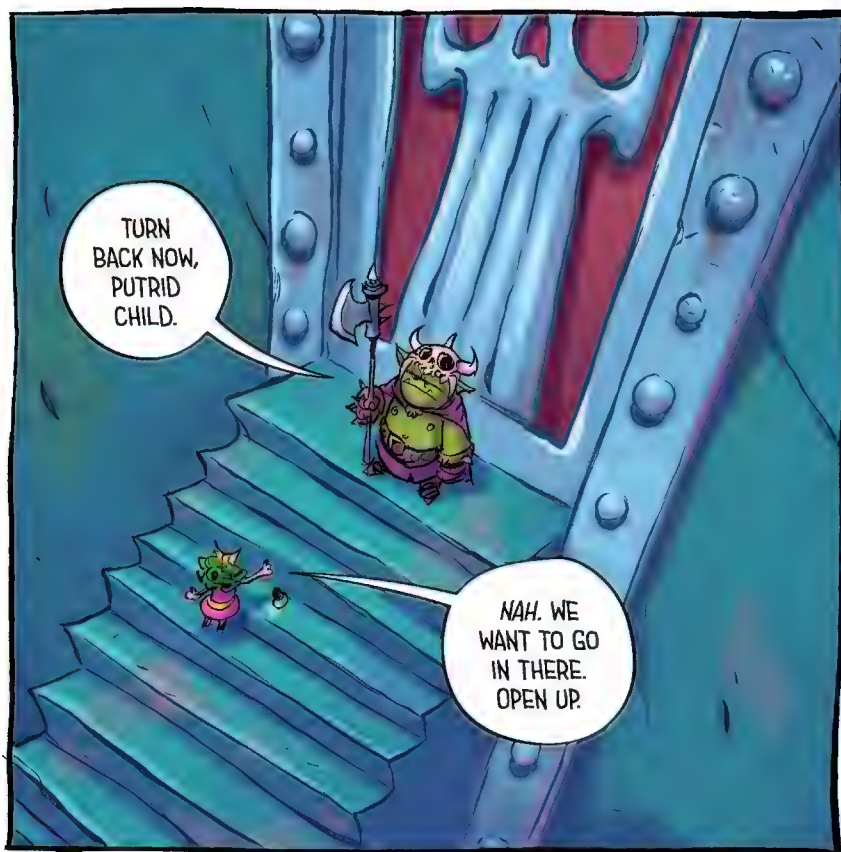
WELL,
I'M NO
EXPERT,
BUT...

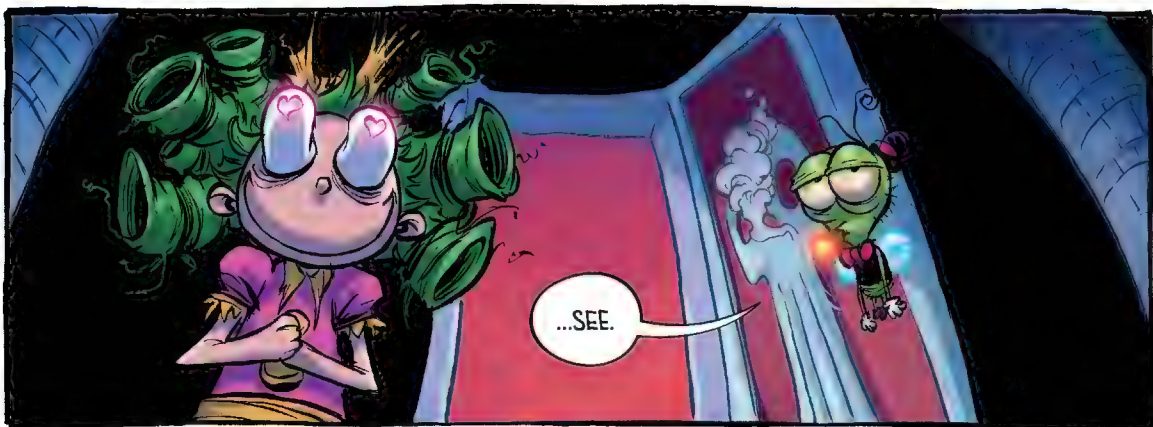


A pirate ship with a black hull and a green skull on its side is sailing on a dark red, bubbling sea of lava. In the background, a massive, light blue rock formation shaped like a skull rises from the lava. A castle with multiple spires and red roofs sits atop the skull's forehead. To the left, a large, dark, rocky island is covered in numerous smaller skull-shaped holes. The sky is a gradient of orange and red, suggesting a sunset or sunrise. A small figure is visible on the ship's deck.

...MAYBE IN
THAT CREEPY
CASTLE ON TOP
OF THAT GIANT
SKULL ROCK.

WHOA.





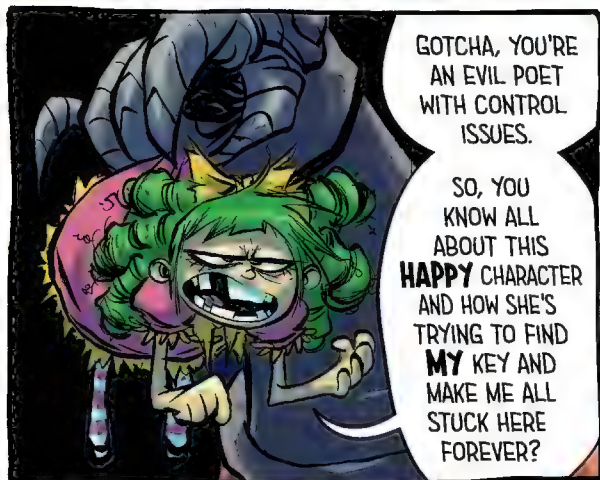
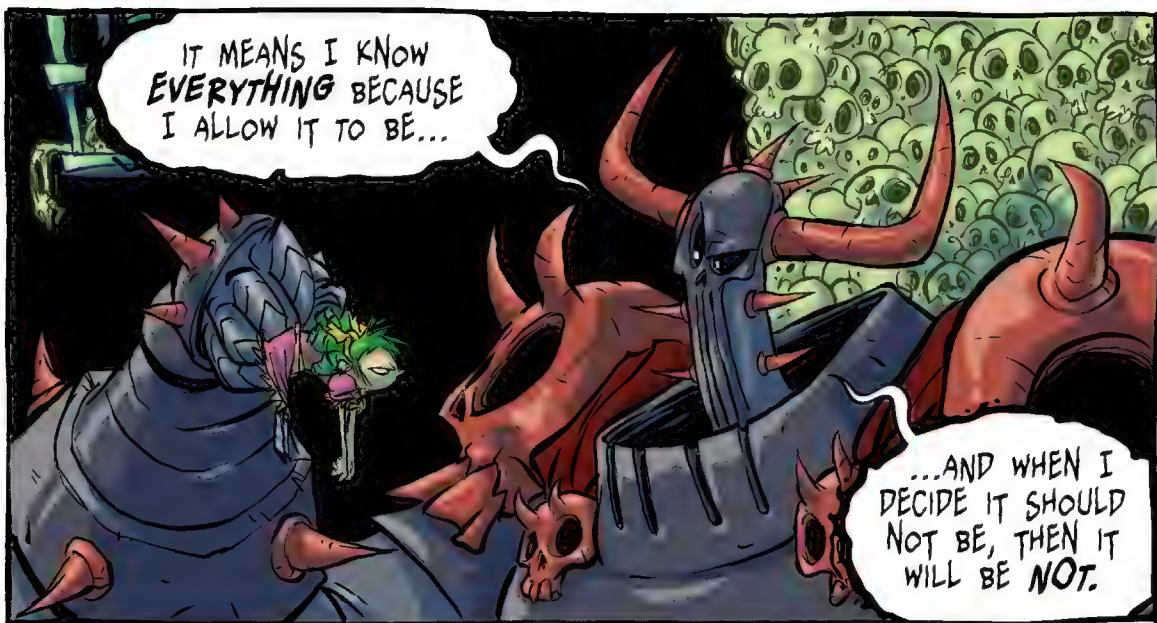


WELCOME
TO MY REALM OF
SKULLLLLLLLS,
GERTRUDE.

I WONDER IF
THEY HAVE THE
PHRASE, "ON THE
NOSE," IN THE REALM
OF SKULLLLLS.

DID YOU
SAY SOME-
THING?

UM, NO.
JUST ADMIRING
THE DECOR. VERY
CREATIVE.







AND
WHAT'S
THE...

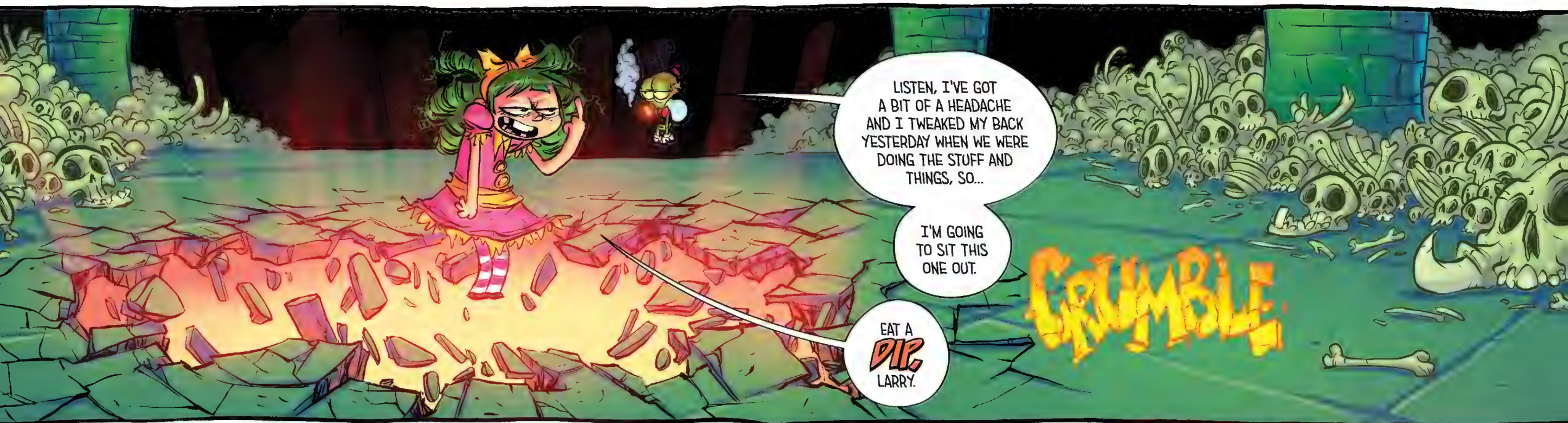
LARRY,
WHAT'S "CAVEAT"
MEAN?

LIKE A
CONDITION TO
THE DEAL.

RIGHT.

WHAT'S THE
CAVEAT?

SIMPLE. MAKE
YOUR WAY THROUGH
MY **DUNGEON** AND
PROVE YOURSELF
WORTHY.

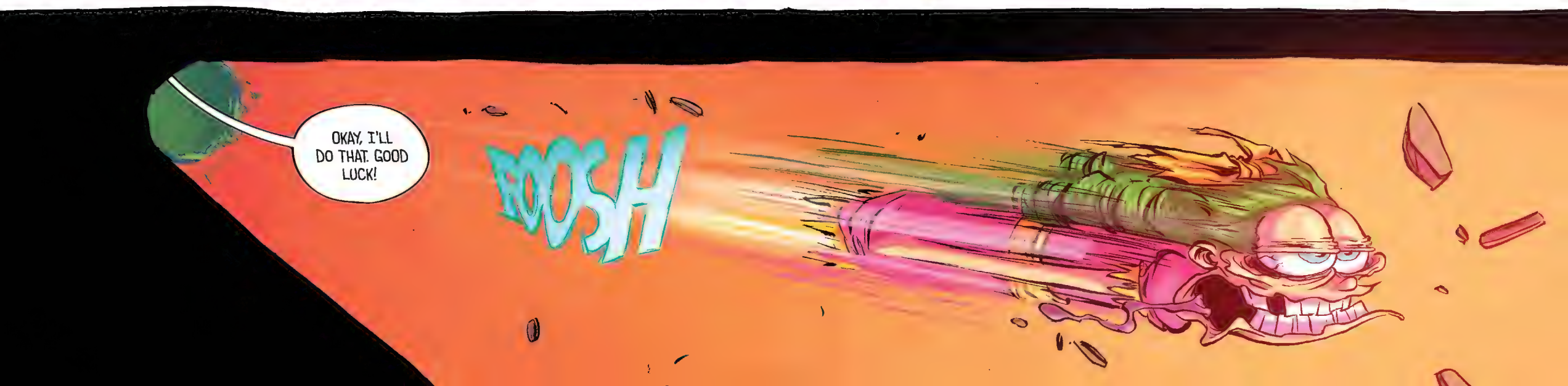


LISTEN, I'VE GOT
A BIT OF A HEADACHE
AND I TWEAKED MY BACK
YESTERDAY WHEN WE WERE
DOING THE STUFF AND
THINGS, SO...

I'M GOING
TO SIT THIS
ONE OUT.

EAT A
DIP
LARRY.

CRUMBLE



OKAY, I'LL
DO THAT. GOOD
LUCK!

POOSH





FIVE



ONCE UPON A
TIME, THERE
WAS A GIRL NAMED
HAPPY WHO WAS
ON A GRAND
ADVENTURE IN
THE WONDERFUL
WORLD OF
FAIRYLAND.

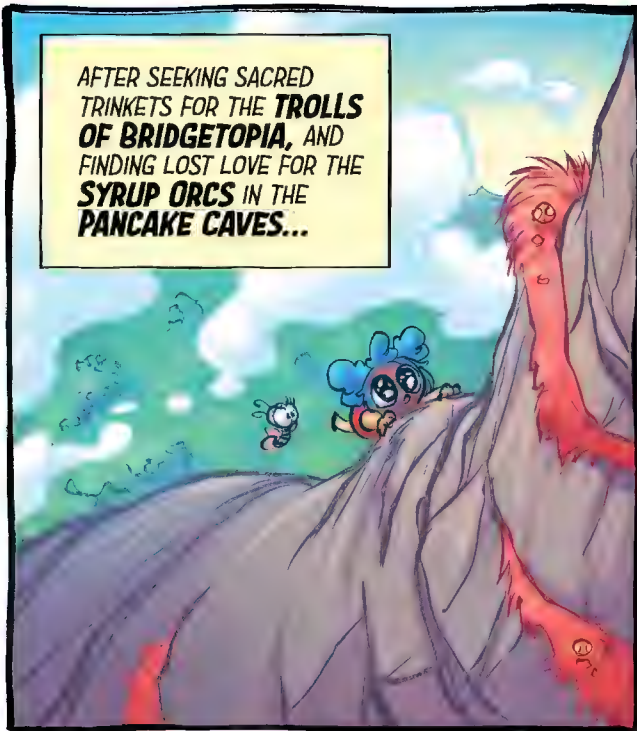


SHE WAS SENT
ON AN EPIC
QUEST ACROSS
THE **PLAINS**
OF TIME...



...AND UNDER
THE **JELLY**
SEAS.

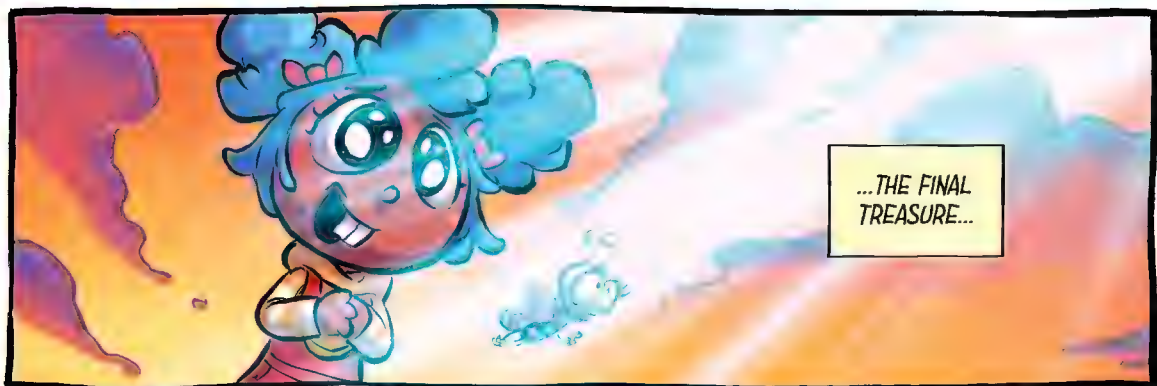
AFTER SEEKING SACRED
TRINKETS FOR THE **TROLLS
OF BRIDGETOPIA**, AND
FINDING LOST LOVE FOR THE
SYRUP ORCS IN THE
PANCAKE CAVES...



...SHE HAD
REACHED...



...THE FINAL
TREASURE...



LADY, IS
THAT WHAT I
THINK IT IS?

YES,
HAPPY. YOU
HAVE FOUND
THE KEY.





ALL YOU
HAVE TO DO IS
TOUCH IT AND
YOU WILL BE
TAKEN TO **THE**
DOOR.



THIS IS
SO...



...KITTY-
BALLS-
TASTIC!



THE FAIRYLANDERS WERE FILLED WITH JOY AS THEY GATHERED TO WISH HER FAREWELL.



NONE WERE MORE PLEASED THAN **QUEEN CLOUDIA.**

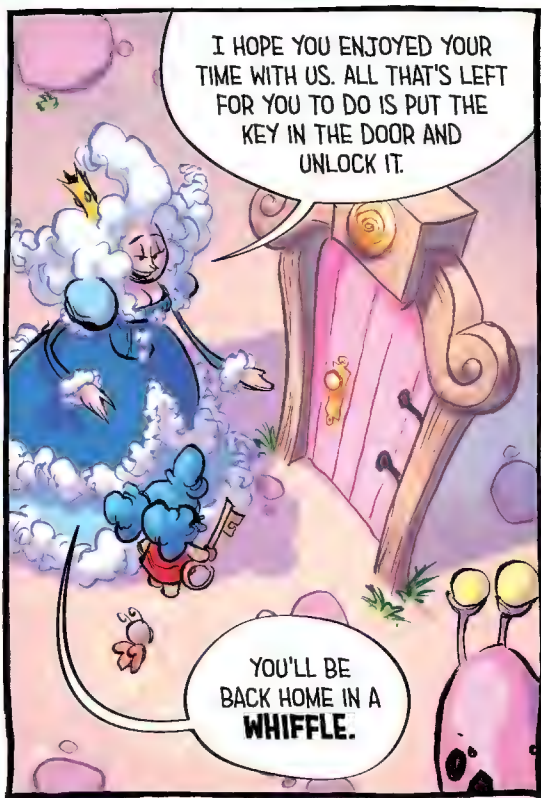
YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW HAPPY YOU'VE MADE ME, **HAPPY.**

TEE-HEE! YOU SAID MY NAME **TWICEICES.**



I HOPE YOU ENJOYED YOUR TIME WITH US. ALL THAT'S LEFT FOR YOU TO DO IS PUT THE KEY IN THE DOOR AND UNLOCK IT.

YOU'LL BE BACK HOME IN A **WHIFFLE.**





WITH A SMILE
ON HER FACE,
HAPPY WAS
ON—

OH,
WAIT.

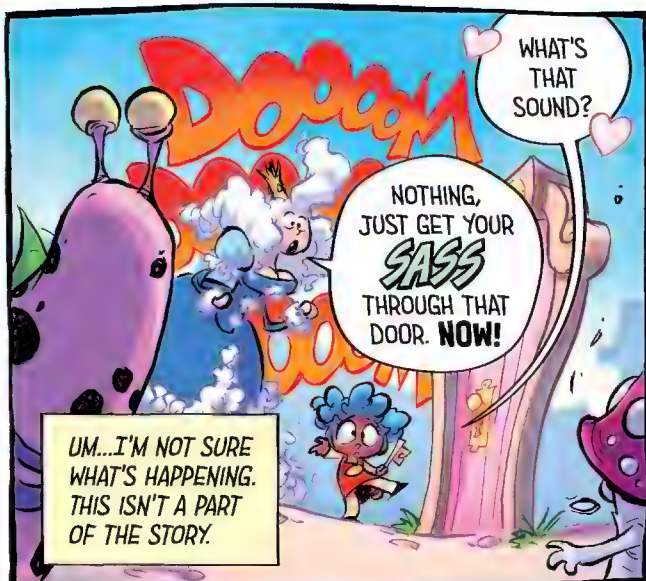


I CAN'T LEAVE
WITHOUT SAYING GOOD-
BYE TO YOU, **MS. LADY**.
YOU ARE SO KIND AND
SWEET AND BEAUTIFUL
AND...



OH YES,
SHE'S ALL THE
GREAT WORDS!

LET'S GET
YOUR CUTE LITTLE
SELF THROUGH THAT
DOOR, SHALL WE?
LIKE **NOW!**



WHAT'S
THAT
SOUND?

NOTHING,
JUST GET YOUR
SASS
THROUGH THAT
DOOR. **NOW!**

UM...I'M NOT SURE
WHAT'S HAPPENING.
THIS ISN'T A PART
OF THE STORY.



KEEP NARRATING, YOU
USELESS BALL OF HOT AIR!
TELL HER SHE'S GOING
THROUGH THAT DOOR **NO**
MATTER WHAT!



SORRY, YOUR
MAJESTY. RIGHT
AWAY.

THERE WAS A
MIGHTY RUMBLE
UNDER THEIR FEET...

I'M TOTALLY KINDA
SCARED!

TELL HER
SHE'S NOT
SCARED! TELL
HER!

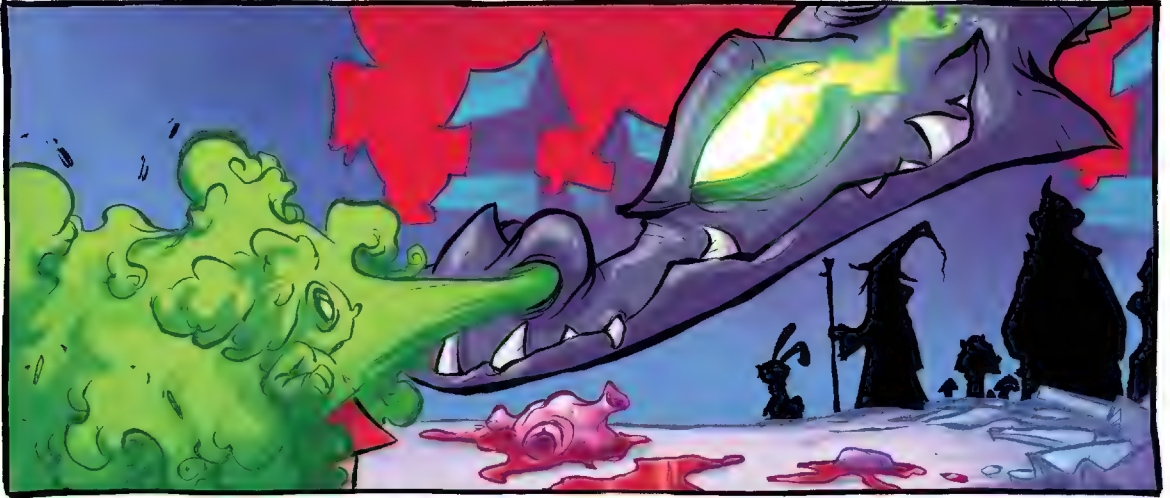
BUT...BUT THAT WOULD
NOT SCARE HAPPY, FOR
SHE WAS NOT LIKE THE
WRETCHED **GERTRUDE**
WHO—

KRACKBOOM

...HOLY MOTHER F--









THIS IS AGAINST ALL KNOWN RULES
OF FAIRYLAND. HOW DID YOU GET
THIS KIND OF POWER?



SIMPLE...



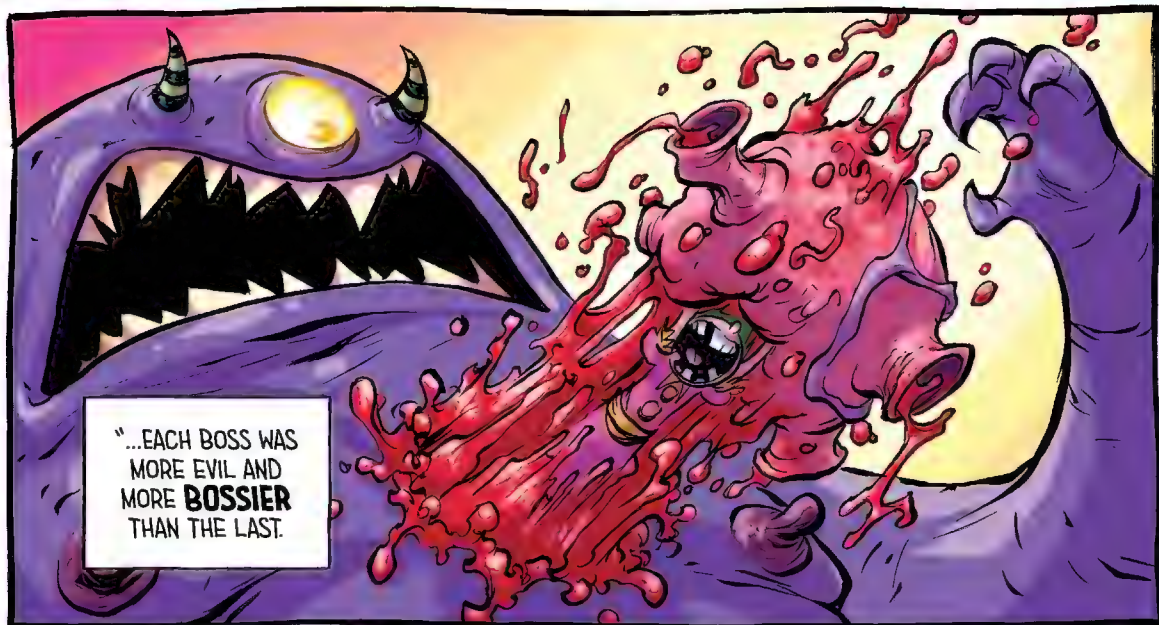
...I JUST DROPPED BY THE LANDS
OF **NOT** AND ASKED MY OLD PAL,
DARKETH DEADDEATH, FOR
A LITTLE HELP.



"BUT FIRST, I
HAD TO PROVE
MYSELF."



"I FOUGHT MY
WAY THROUGH
HIS DUNGEON..."

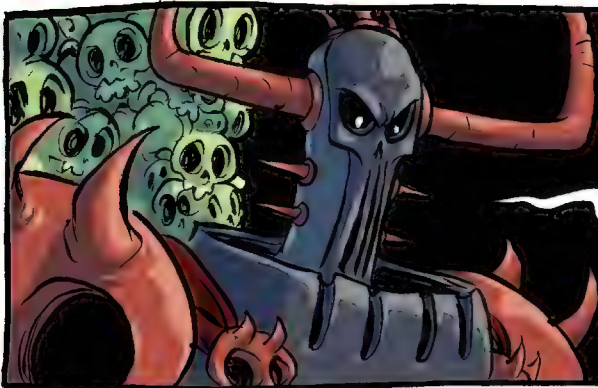


"...EACH BOSS WAS
MORE EVIL AND
MORE **BOSSIER**
THAN THE LAST."

"BUT NO MATTER
WHAT THE NEXT LEVEL
HAD IN STORE...

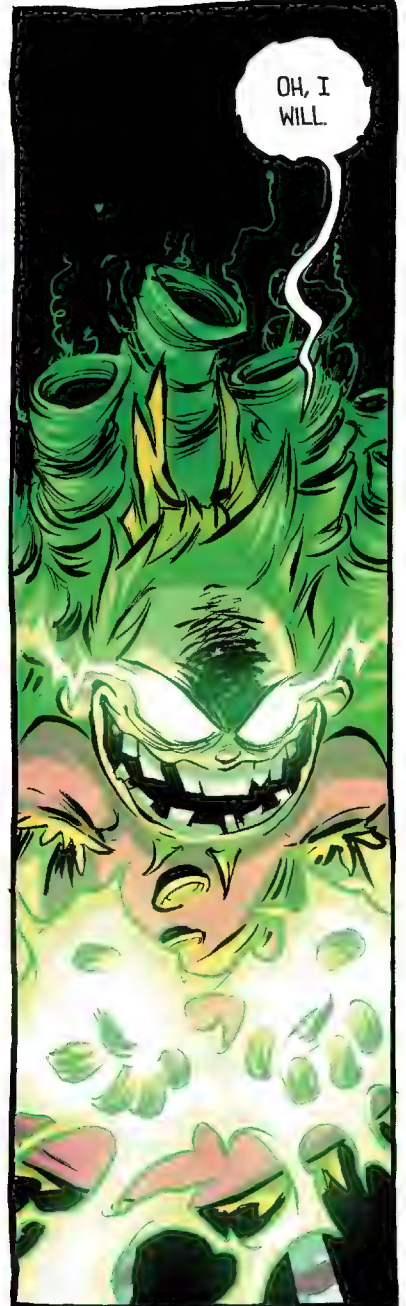
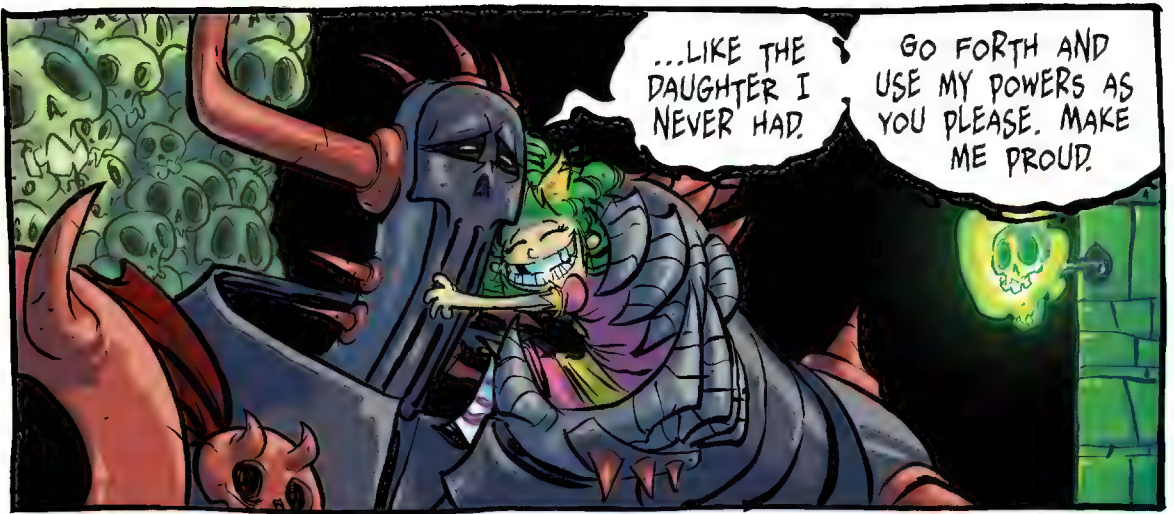


"...I KILLED
THE **PLUSH**
OUT OF IT!"



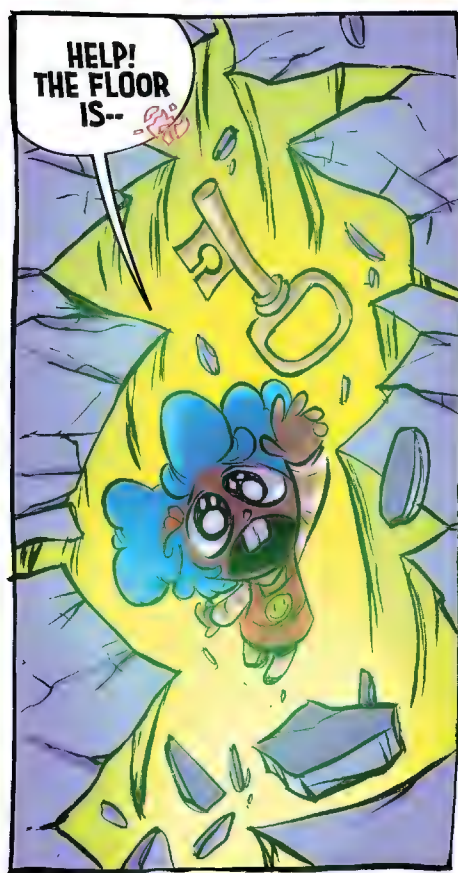
GERTRUDE!
YOU DARE ENTER MY
DOMAIN AND INSULT
ME BY KILLING MY
HORDES?

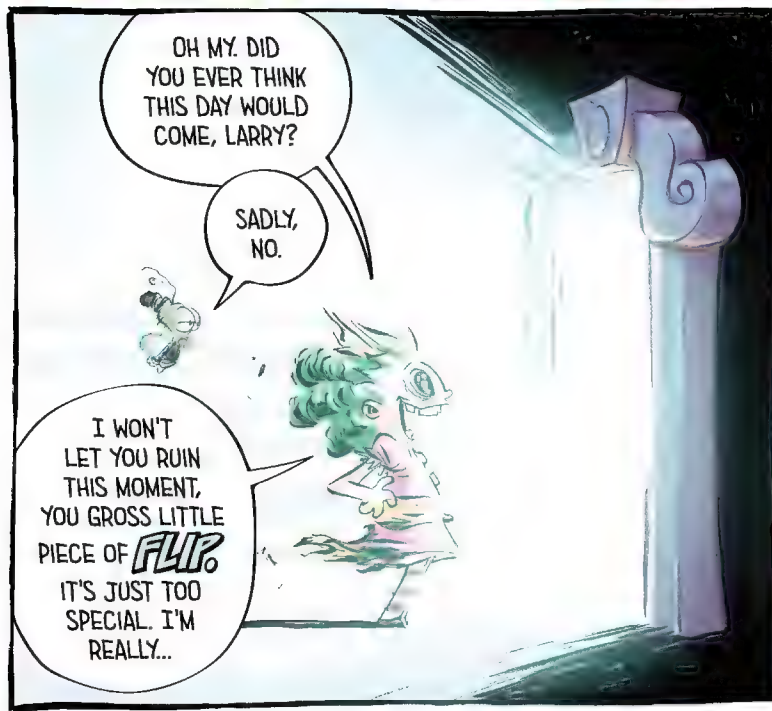
YOU...
ARE...







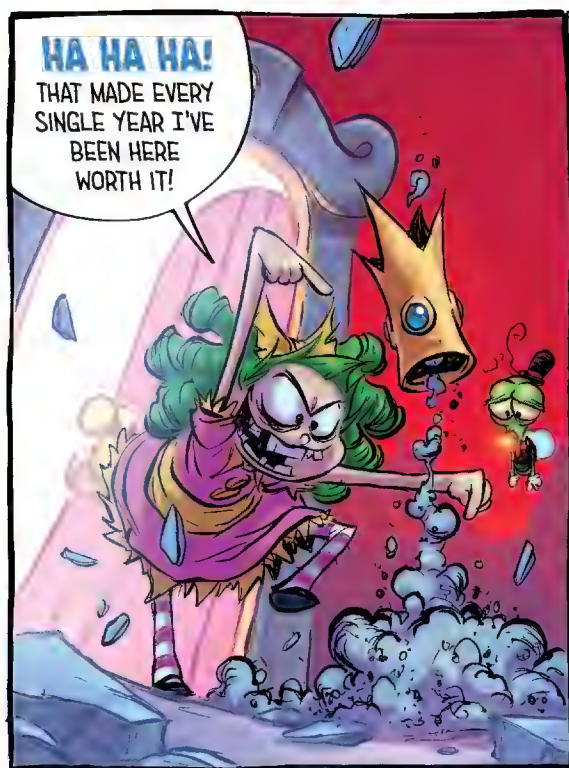






IS THIS
ENOUGH
DEATH
FOR YOU?!

...KILL
THE
QUEEN!



"...THE
QUEEN
OF..."

...FLUFFING
FAIRYLAND?





SKOTTIE YOUNG



...is the New York Times Best Selling cartoonist behind Marvel's WIZARD OF OZ graphic novel adaptations, ROCKET RACCOON and GIANT-SIZE LITTLE MARVEL, as well as illustrating FORTUNATELY, THE MILK with some writer named, NEIL GAIMAN. And in case you have lived in a cave, Skottie has also produced enough Little Marvel variant covers to build a small ranch style home out of them. (Though they are not waterproof so living in said home is not advised.) He currently holds the record for most Eisner Awards won by anyone born in Fairybury, IL. Skottie lives in Central Illinois with his wife, two sons, and two dogs that drive him crazy. (The dogs, not the humans.)

JEAN-FRANCOIS BEAULIEU



...is the acclaimed colorist behind Marvel's WIZARD OF OZ Graphic Novel adaptations, ROCKET RACCOON, GIANT-SIZE LITTLE MARVEL, NEW WARRIORS, NEW X-MEN, and probably other books that Skottie Young didn't draw but since Skottie Young is writing this we'll keep it to mostly Skottie Young books. Okay, fine, INVINCIBLE. Happy? Jean and Skottie have been working together for over a decade. (Which sounds way more epic than saying ten years.) Jean is considered one of the industry's top colorists and also holds the record for most people who don't know how to pronounce his last name. He lives somewhere in the Canadian wilderness with his fiancé, three dogs, nine cats, and an unknown amount of dope robot model kits.

NATE PIEKOS



...is the founder of BLAMBOT.COM, a company with a much cooler name than any of us could probably come up with. Good job, Nate! He has created some of the industry's most popular fonts and has used them to letter comic books for Image Comics (HUCK), Marvel Comics (X-STATIX, X-MEN FIRST CLASS), DC Comics (NEW SUICIDE SQUAD), Dark Horse Comics (FIGHT CLUB 2, UMBRELLA ACADEMY) . . . and all the other companies that end with the word, "Comics". Nate has more guitars in his studio than any other letterer on the planet. (That was not fact checked, but I'm going with it.) He lives in Rhode Island with his wife and the previously mentioned guitars.



**ONCE UPON
A TIME** in
Fairylad,
there was
a girl...who
hated the
place and
did messed
up stuff like
this! Pretty
gross, right?

I HATE FAIRYLAND, a new comic from New York Times Best Selling, Eisner Award-winning cartoonist SKOTTIE YOUNG (WIZARD OF OZ, ROCKET RACCOON, FORTUNATELY, THE MILK), is a fairytale-like adventure that smashes its cute little face against hilariously violent comedy that's definitely NOT a bedtime story for the kiddies. (Unless your parents are super cool or don't screen your entertainment...then whatever.)

Join Gert, a grown-up in a six-year-old girl's body, who has been stuck in the magical world of Fairylad for nearly thirty years on a maddening quest to return home. It's just her, a fly named Larry, and a battle-axe, against Slug Lords, Mushroom Men, Zombie Fauns, Barbarians, her nemesis, Queen Cloudia, and even more insanity!

FANTASY

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"I Hate Fairylad is pure, uncut Skottie Young awesomeness. Like a bag of Angel Dust in comic book form. Only crazier."
—JASON AARON

"I Hate Fairylad is diabolically engaging and sick and twisted and lovely in every single way possible."
—BLASTR

"I Hate Fairylad... takes the tropes from classic children's tales and kicks them right in the balls before ripping their hearts right out."
—HORROR TALK